THE NEW REPUBLIC

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The Nuclear Time Bomb

Producing Nuclear Weapons
Nuclear Weapons-Producing Capability
Nuclear Weapons Capability Suspected
Nuclear Weapons Within 1-6 Years
Nuclear Weapons Within 7-10 Years

by John Keegan

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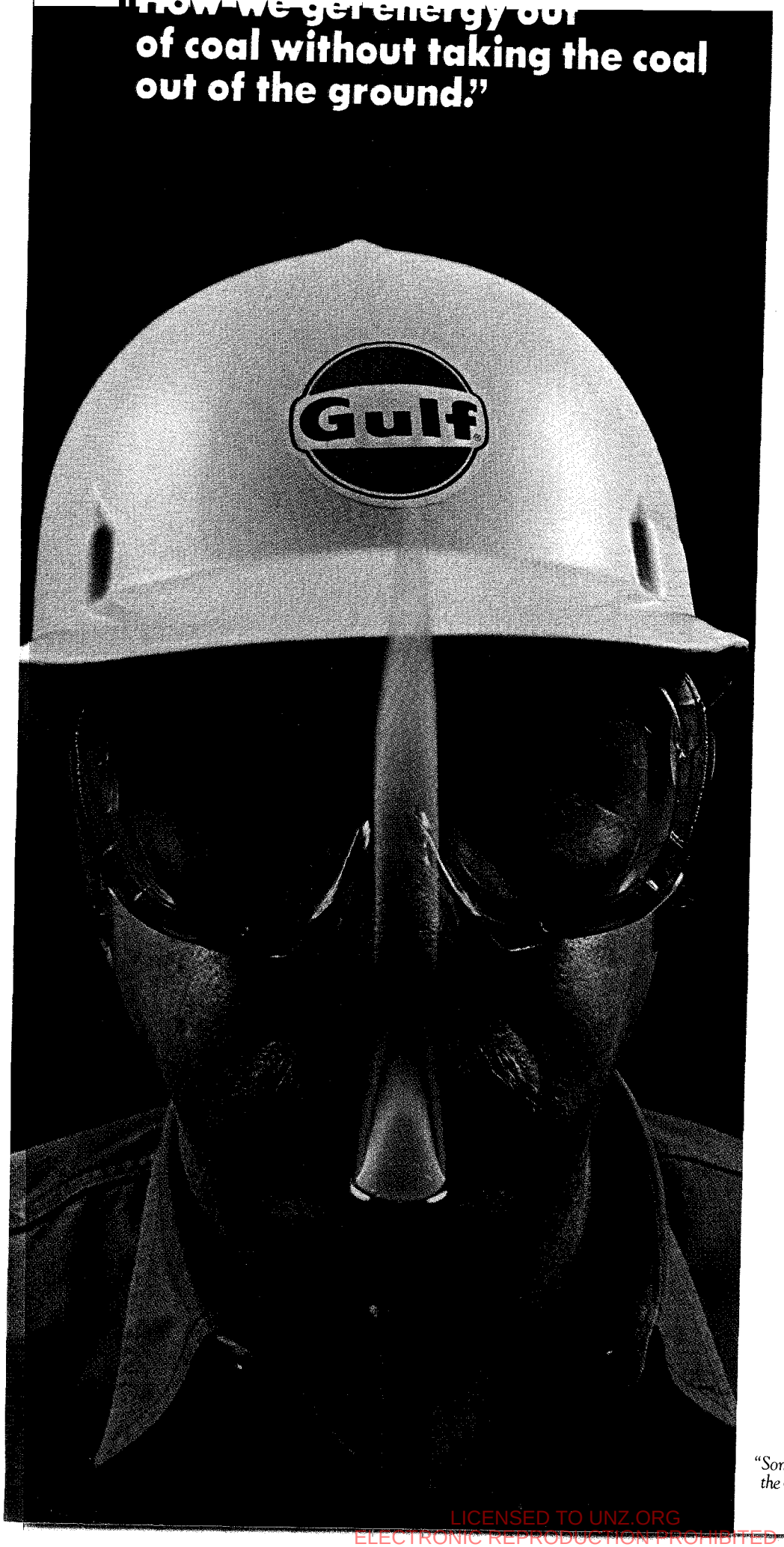
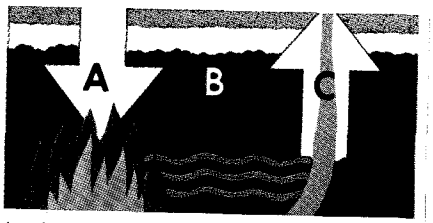
"How we get energy out of coal without taking the coal out of the ground."



"A lot of coal in America—millions of tons, in fact—is too deep or too slanted to be mined by any conventional techniques," says Gulf Engineer Jerry Daniel. "At Gulf, we're working with the Department



Air through injection well supports combustion of coal at A, fire heats coal at B, which produces gas recovered through production well, C.

of Energy on a way to extract the energy from that coal without mining it. We drill an injection well to set fire to the coal. By burning some of the coal, we heat up the rest, which causes it to produce gas. That's why it's called underground coal gasification.

"We had a test burn here in Rawlins, Wyoming, late in 1979, and we're setting up another one. Our hope is that by 1990, industry will be able to use this kind of synthetic gas, which of course will make us less dependent on expensive imported crude oil as an energy source.

"At Gulf, our first priority is to get all the oil and natural gas we can out of resources right here in America. But we're working on a lot of other good ideas, too. Underground coal gasification is one of them; and we're working with synthetic fuels, tar sands, geothermal energy, and other alternative energy sources.

"Overall, you might say that the business we're really in is the business of energy for tomorrow."

Gulf

Gulf people: energy for tomorrow.

Gulf Oil Corporation

"Someday we may use gas from coal the way we now use natural gas."

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TRB

from Washington
September 27, 1980

Taking the Gloves Off

Whether Jimmy Carter debates Ronald Reagan face to face is uncertain, but nobody can doubt that red-hot issues are going to emerge, whether there is a formal confrontation or not. The Republicans have nominated a leader who is vulnerable to attack on a number of fronts, and one of them surfaced last week. While Lyndon Johnson was fighting for the landmark Civil Rights Act in 1964, retired screen actor Reagan, who was just being tempted into politics, was opposing it. President Carter threw the fact harshly at Reagan last week. Jimmy Carter is vulnerable on lots of issues himself, but these are known and familiar—inflation, recession, unemployment, and whatnot—while many of the past positions and statements of Reagan haven't been examined yet. Watch out. Here they come.

The Civil Rights Act of 1964 produced the longest filibuster in Senate history. President Kennedy initiated the bill before he died, and LBJ pushed it with all the energy and skill he had. It was the most comprehensive civil rights bill ever submitted to Congress. It opened up state-owned libraries, parks, playgrounds, and swimming pools to blacks; and communities that resisted could be sued. Ten years earlier the Supreme Court desegregated schools, but now the order was to be a law, not just a decision. If a black couple, say, were traveling through the south, the law gave them access to public accommodation, hotels, restaurants, and other facilities. This seems commonplace now. How could it ever have been different? It was different in many places 16 years ago. The bill was intended to change it. Reagan opposed the bill, or the way it was written.

The bill passed the House overwhelmingly (290 to 130). Then it was up to the Senate and particularly Vice President Humphrey to butter up Minority Leader Everett Dirksen and get it through. The Senate had never yet broken a southern filibuster on civil rights. Debate began March 26 after a month's preliminary delay, led by veteran, courtly, aging Dick Russell of Georgia. Johnson knew the Senate. He sent up orders: don't yield an inch, we can beat this minority. We will suspend all other work, he said; we will halt the nation's business to defeat this filibuster. Lyndon often seemed larger than life. But the odds were difficult: only 34 votes were needed to block cloture. When the showdown came every senator was there, an almost unparalleled feat—even Clair Engle of California who was dying of a brain tumor and couldn't speak. He came in a wheelchair and recorded his aye vote by pointing to his eye.

At 7:49 on June 19, 1964, on the 83rd day of debate, the Senate passed the bill by 73 to 27. Republicans voted 27 to six; Democrats 46 to 21. In California, Ronald Reagan opposed it. Last week President Carter said abruptly in Atlanta: "I do not believe that the way to eliminate discrimination in this country is to turn its leadership over to someone who thought the Civil Rights Act of 1964 was a bad bill." Reporters swarmed round presidential candidate Reagan like a cloud of stinging bees and promptly demanded a response. Reagan was caught by surprise; he knew the record was there, as he knows his record of other controversial positions which haven't to come out yet, awaiting either formal or informal debate. The press carried his first answer: "There were a great many people that questioned some things they thought might be . . . but that there were provisions that might be setting precedents for infringing on everybody's individual freedom." With his famous disarming gesture he added, "But it has worked and like many of those other people, I'm satisfied with it and, if anything, would like to see it better." Reagan's position against the civil rights bill jibed with far-right senators Thurmond, Stennis, Talmadge, Eastland, Goldwater, and Hickenlooper.

In the early 1960s, when the civil rights battle was brewing, Reagan had finished with the "General Electric Theater" and spent a couple of seasons on "Death Valley Days" and one last turkey, *The Killers*. He was an attractive good-guy speaker for right-wing causes. In 1964 he showed what he could do politically by throwing his considerable eloquence into a speech for Goldwater, telling the nation fervently, "We can preserve for our children this, the last best hope of man on earth—or we can sentence them to take the first step into a thousand years of darkness."

What a speech, what a man. A group of wealthy Californians saw in Reagan an electable commodity. A black, of course, may have different feelings today on the subject: he is apt to feel distaste for somebody who opposed the 1964 act. Politics is a practical business. Carter dropped the reminder of Reagan's position with brutal abruptness. But the stakes were high. After all, the next president may name a majority of the Supreme Court. (Five Justices are over 70 and there has been no new Justice since 1975. They are the final arbiters of civil rights cases.)

There has been a rather refreshing spontaneity and amateurishness in the Reagan campaign. It began with a certain frolic madness in the Detroit convention: the high jinks over Jerry Ford and the vice presidency, the platform attacks on the 55-mph speed limit, the nomination of a septuagenarian ex-TV actor. But now two months have passed, we are in the workaday world, and reality keeps intruding.

Reagan's cozy views about restoring official ties with Taiwan, for example, have angered mainland China (he backed away precipitately). Now civil rights; Carter doesn't play patty-cake when he plays politics. One-to-one debate with Reagan will come either face to face or in this rowdier way. There is a bagful of Reagan positions not yet explored.

In his acceptance speech in New York, Vice President Mondale cited other instances apt to surface soon. "In the years of preparing for his presidential campaign," Mondale said, "Mr. Reagan has suggested that American forces be sent to Ecuador, to Angola, to Rhodesia, to Panama, to Cyprus, to Pakistan, to North Korea, to the Middle East." Count them. That's eight. It seems almost unfair to recall these old chauvinistic fist-shakings now; probably easygoing Reagan didn't give them much thought at the time. But he won't be let off easily. He's up against a born-again Christian who is himself under galling attack.

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Correspondence

The Kemp-Garcia bill

To the editors:

I must be some magician if I can get Bob Garcia, William Raspberry, and several liberal Democratic congressmen to cooperate with my scheme to get Republicans the black vote ("Kemp's Urban Magic," *TNR*, August 23). But the Kemp-Garcia "Urban Jobs and Enterprise Zone Act" has attracted this support not by casting a spell, but by capturing the imagination of Americans frustrated by—to use your own words—inner cities still "in frightful shape despite 15 years of federal anti-poverty programs."

Of course we must provide a basic safety net of social services for the poor. But the poor need more than just income support—whether in the form of traditional welfare, or, as you suggest, a negative income tax. They also need tangible economic opportunities in their own communities. Ultimately, only the private sector can provide enough jobs, and this is why the bill provides special tax incentives to entrepreneurs who are willing to start up businesses in poor communities, and hire people from them.

You argue that because taxes are not solely to blame for urban decay, tax incentives won't reverse it. I agree that other problems, among them high crime rates and a low-skilled work force, inhibit businessmen from venturing into the inner city. Tax incentives won't eliminate all these disadvantages, but might they not help offset them?

Indeed, in worrying that the bill would germinate "hothouse plants too delicate to survive in a normal business environment" you seem to expect even more from these incentives than I do. While I like to think that an enterprise zone would make, say, inner-city Buffalo a better prospect to potential entrepreneurs, I don't really expect it to become a rarified environment. Even assuming the worst—that a business which wouldn't have survived in a higher tax area survives in the inner city, and hires people from the community—is this so bad?

Bob Garcia and I have acknowledged repeatedly that no single bill will wipe out urban poverty and decay. It will be hard to draw the "green line"—though, unless we want to abandon the principle of targeting aid to the neediest, we always will face this kind of problem. Still, do we really have much to lose by trying to restore incentives for job creation in areas that now consume far more tax revenue than they produce? And can we afford *not* to try out some new ideas?

Jack Kemp
US House of Representatives
Washington, DC

ACLU's role

To the editors:

In your July 26 issue Professor Louis B. Schwartz characterized the ACLU as the "principal obstacle" to enactment of a revision of the federal criminal laws ("Civil Liberties vs. the ACLU"). I note in recent issues further discussion of this charge. As the chairman of the House Judiciary Subcommittee on Criminal Justice, which drafted a revised federal criminal code in the course of 150 meetings, I feel I can accurately discuss the role of the ACLU in this project.

When the subcommittee undertook this project in March 1979, I asked the ACLU for its assistance. An ad hoc group was assembled to provide the subcommittee with legal memoranda on countless topics. These well-researched and thoughtful memoranda were invaluable to the subcommittee. The ACLU as been an active participant in this effort.

Many individuals and groups worked hard to develop a responsible, balanced revision of the federal criminal laws. The legislation received extensive consideration by both the subcommittee and Judiciary Committee. In my view the bill we reported is the best bill that has yet been presented to Congress in the long history of criminal code reform legislation. The ACLU deserves credit for that accomplishment.

Robert F. Drinan, Chairman
Subcommittee on Criminal Justice
US House of Representatives
Washington, DC

De Palma's museum sequence

To the editors:

Stanley Kauffmann incorrectly identifies the Metropolitan Museum as the setting for the "cat-and-cat game" in Brian De Palma's *Dressed to Kill* ("Madnesses," *TNR*, August 23). De Palma filmed that sequence in the Philadelphia Museum of Art. Not all of this country's great museums are in New York City or Washington, DC. If Kauffmann has never visited the Philadelphia Museum of Art, I suggest that he see the beautiful Italian Renaissance gallery where that segment was filmed, as well as the rest of this magnificent structure and its treasures.

William R. Lally
Collingswood, New Jersey

Stanley Kauffmann replies:

Where did De Palma want us to think the sequence was happening? The Met, of course, so what difference where it was actually shot? The pubis we see in the opening scene is not Angie Dickinson's, but we are meant to think that it is. Surely Lally doesn't expect me to identify the true owner.

Class of 1910

To the editors:

Regarding Alfred Kazin's corrections of my "mistakes" in his review of my book, *Walter Lippmann and the American Century* (*TNR*, August 16), I might point out two things for the record. First, T. S. Eliot did enter Harvard in 1906 and therefore was, as I said, a member of the class of 1910, even though he, like Lippmann, finished his course work in three years. Reference works correctly refer to him as a member of that class. Second, as regards D. H. Lawrence, I never said that he had not been to New Mexico before 1930, but only that Lippmann had tried to help him enter the US at that time.

Ronald Steel
New York, New York

Nuclear targeting

To the editors:

To John Osborne, there was comedy in the way in which Presidential Directive 59 "came about, was publicized and perceived" (White House Watch: "Target Practice," *TNR*, August 30). While the focus on the comedic aspects of the Carter camp's efforts to out-hawk Reagan makes for witty political commentary, it misses the significance of the substance of the announcement.

The signing of this directive sanctions American "first strike" or first use of nuclear weapons. Although Presi-

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dential Directive 59 is glibly dismissed as a targeting of military rather than civilian sites, it is a most provocative and destabilizing announcement. The only reason to target those sites is to disable Soviet missiles before they could be launched. To plan to do so is to declare US readiness to push the button first, and so initiate—not deter—nuclear holocaust.

The Soviets will not sit by as we create a new generation of weapons designed to "deter" war by destroying their missiles. As the past and the recent Tass announcements show, they will respond in kind. The arms race now has new momentum, and we're the ones who've accelerated the pace.

Anne Sutherland, Director
Interfaith Center to Reverse the Arms Race
Pasadena, California

Right-wing libertarianism

To the editors:

Nicholas von Hoffman's plea for libertarianism ("A Vote for Ed Clark," *TNR*, August 30) would have had me convinced had I not spent a few years under its "party discipline" myself. The beautiful picture of left- and right-wing libertarians "bedding down together" does not coincide with my perceptions of the Libertarian party. The party is dominated by the right-wing element, and the passionate devotion of the libertarian youth movement to get the party on every state ballot was actually nothing more or less than the desire to pick up 50 cents or whatever it was per validated, registered voter signature. If it were truly a left-right blend and common ground, we would see left libertarians as candidates, board members, or whatever.

The difference comes down to the private ownership of land and other exploitation of natural resources. The left view traditionally has rejected property as the right has defended it. Although there is agreement that state ownership is undesirable, the right has yet to admit that there can be nothing more than custodianship and public trusts in the ownership and control of resources essential to everyone's well-being. When there is agreement on this point, there may be some basis for the "bedding down" which von Hoffman seems to think already has occurred.

The other point of contention is the relationships among classes of people. Do we accept an egalitarian view of things, or do we differentiate between employers and employed, create hierarchies, allow the inheritance and perpetuation of vast concentrations of wealth, etc.? To adopt liberal values and arguments, we must reject many of the preceding feudalist and monarchist assumptions. It seems to me that the right-wing libertarians have done nothing of the kind.

Paul Stephens
Missoula, Montana

Hatchet job

To the editors:

The recent lead editorial, "Democrats" (*TNR*, August 16), began innocently enough, but turned sharply perverse and ridiculous near its conclusion. In three brief paragraphs, you perform a neat but ludicrous psychological hatchet job on the political left. Your observation that "misplaced" Democrats preach a rhetoric of "powerlessness" which is unintelligible to most Americans may or may not have merit in the abstract. However, your examples are shoddy, deceptive generalities, half-truths at best.

First, foreign policy. I remember "every convention since 1968" and would hardly claim that they have been dominated, even in 1972, by those espousing "the myopic and selfish isolationism of fortress America." Surely you do not believe the only alternative to "the denial of interests and the abjuring of alliances" to be indiscriminate militarism which believes that the army (or the bomb) belongs everywhere. You imply that the militaristic approach is the only acceptable way to assert American influence abroad, a position I would expect from the *National Review*. Since I know that you would not have had us send in the Marines to protect the Canal or to rescue the hostages, this implicit military breast-beating is most puzzling.

Second, energy. To slander all environmentalists as advocating "paralysis" as "permanent public policy" is revolting. I suppose we should burn all the coal we can get our hands on, proceed full speed with oil shale development, and let every community in America experience the joys of Three Mile Island, regardless of the potential ecological havoc we would wreak, just to prove to ourselves and others that we aren't "powerless"? Again, you neglect a third possibility—in this case, decentralized, renewable energy, e.g. solar plus conservation—and, instead, engage in corporate breast-beating of the type I would expect to find in a Mobil advertisement.

Worst of all, the concluding paragraph, with its indiscriminate and unexplained attacks on judicial review, affirmative action, and journalistic freedom, is reprehensible. "The narcissism of individuals and groups swollen into ideological authoritarianism," indeed. Not since Agnew's "nattering nabobs of negativism" have I read such hyperbolic hokum. Ironically, the same issue of *TNR* contains two generally sensible essays with contrary implications for foreign policy and energy matters (Ronald Steel's "The Absent Danger" and Stephen Chapman's On the Hill: "Seward's Legacy"). Perhaps you should read your own copy more carefully—you might learn something.

Randy Lake
Eau Claire, Wisconsin

Square oranges

To the editors:

TRB may be right in guessing that Jimmy Carter couldn't pass the "most oranges are round" test (TRB: "Are Oranges Round?," *TNR*, August 16). But Ronald Reagan has a different problem with the test. He is saying "with obvious sincerity and a sort of determined earnestness" that most oranges are square!

Sally K. Slocum
Akron, Ohio

Reagan's wisdom

To the editors:

Morton Kondracke should have thought a bit before writing that Ronald Reagan must be an "empty-headed ninny" for saying that "fascism was really the basis of the New Deal" (Politics: "The Dream is Dead," *TNR*, August 23). Fascism proved itself a monstrous evil, but some of us can recall that Mussolini was hailed by Fabians like Shaw and the Webbs as the man who, in Shaw's words, "could knock their silly heads together" and bring order and prosperity to Italy.

(continued on page 40)

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Cover: Map by Jan Drews. Nuclear weapons information from World Military and Social Expenditures 1980, *by Ruth Leger Sivard (© World Priorities, Leesburg, Virginia) and* Toward a Dependable Peace *by Robert Johansen (Institute for World Order, New York, New York). Article on page 27.*

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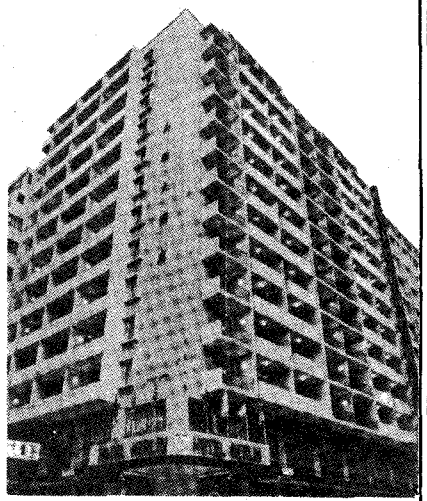

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

September 27, 1980

You're Another

President Carter has made a grave moral error in trying to portray Ronald Reagan as a racist, and a strategic error in raising past support for the 1964 Civil Rights Act as a test of present dedication to racial justice. Carter said last week, referring to Reagan, "I do not believe that the way to eliminate discrimination in this country is to turn its leadership over to someone who thought the Civil Rights Act of 1964 was a bad bill." This is one more of the ancient Reaganisms that the Carter people have dug up to use against him. Among the other extraordinary sentences uttered by the president at a black Atlanta church was this: "You've seen in this campaign the stirrings of hate and the rebirth of code words like 'states' rights' in a speech in Mississippi, in a campaign reference to the Ku Klux Klan relating to the south." And this: "Obviously the Ku Klux Klan is an obnoxious blight on the American scene and anyone who injected it into the campaign made a serious mistake."

These statements are frightful distortions, bordering on outright lies. Carter's twisted locution seems to imply that Reagan has said something favorable about the Klan. In fact, Reagan's only public remark about the Klan was clearly derogatory—a clumsy ad lib comment about Carter opening his campaign in a former Klan stronghold. Reagan's remark was stupid. Carter's remarks last week were stupid, but also calculating.

A few facts should be gotten straight in Carter's mind. The first is that Ronald Reagan has nothing to do with the Ku Klux Klan. Reagan was praised by one Klan leader, but he promptly and unequivocally repudiated the endorsement. Nor was it Reagan who "injected" the Klan into the 1980 campaign. It was Carter's secretary of health and human services, Patricia Harris, who said Reagan's nomination raised the "specter of white sheets." She was seconded by Carter's closest black adviser, former UN ambassador Andrew Young. In Atlanta Carter was introduced by a black US representative who attacked Reagan for seeking the presidency "with the endorsement of the Ku Klux Klan."

But Carter is on even thinner ice when he brings up Reagan's onetime opposition to the 1964 Civil Rights Act, which Reagan now supports. There is no record that Carter himself ever expressed any opinion about the Civil Rights Act in 1964 or for years afterward. Silence was a luxury available to members of the Georgia state legislature. But there is no reason to suppose that Carter's failure to endorse the Civil Rights Act was an oversight. In 1966, when he first ran for governor, Carter liked to refer to himself as a "Russell conservative," after the Georgia senator who fought vigorously against every civil rights measure ever proposed. Even as late as his 1970 race for governor, Carter shamelessly exploited racist sentiments, calling himself a "redneck" (a code word if ever there was one), distributing anonymous leaflets in rural Georgia with photographs of his opponent drinking champagne with black basketball players, and declaring, "I expect to have particularly strong support from the people who voted for George Wallace for president and the ones who voted for Lester Maddox." During the campaign, Carter met secretly with the head of the racist White Citizens' Council and, shortly afterward, got his endorsement. Unlike Reagan, Carter didn't reject the support. And speaking of code words, remember "ethnic purity"?

None of this is intended to suggest that Jimmy Carter is a racist. Obviously Carter is not the same man he was in 1964 or 1970, and obviously he wouldn't want to be judged on the basis of what he thought many years ago. But he would like to hold his opponent to a higher standard: if Reagan opposed the Civil Rights Act in 1964, that makes him a racist and unfit for leadership now. Judged by the same standard, Carter looks considerably worse than Reagan. If he has any shame, he should regret his demagogic attack. With luck, he'll regret it anyway for practical political reasons.

The practical reason is this: there is only one major presidential candidate this year whose initial and continuous support of the 1964 Civil Rights Act is a matter of public record. He is the man Carter accuses of being a phony liberal, a dubious recent convert. His name is John Anderson.

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Liberals and Carter

The following is from a letter to board members of Americans for Democratic Action. The ADA board, which endorsed Edward Kennedy for the Democratic nomination, was scheduled to vote August 20 on whether to endorse President Carter for reelection.

Dear ADA Board Colleague:
For us the position most consonant with ADA's tradition as an independent liberal political organization and most likely to hold it together is "no endorsement." Endorsing Reagan, of course, would be unthinkable and endorsing Carter would undermine ADA's credibility, demonstrate that we never really meant what we said about him these past four years, and give final validation to the public perception of ADA as part and parcel of the Democratic party ready to endorse anyone running on the Democratic ticket. Yet we do not propose that ADA endorse Anderson, as the New York Liberal party has done, although his views and programs clearly come the closest to our own. Anderson is the only alternative to two saber-rattling candidates vying with each other in military gamesmanship; he opposes MX, limited nuclear war, reckless defense spending, and Brzezinski. We applaud his gun control, abortion, busing, homosexual rights, and other social positions, his character and his competence, and, in general, we prefer a conservative moving toward the liberal side over Carter moving in circles. But just as an endorsement of Carter would divide ADA, an endorsement of Anderson would likewise split its ranks because ADA, quite properly, includes many Democrats whose party loyalty comes first and many union friends who believe they have need of administration assistance.

ADA in January of this year published a review of the Carter record in a lengthy document entitled "The Carter Presidency: A Chronicle of Promise and Disappointment." There, ADA proclaimed that

> President Carter's recent foreign and military policy statements are alarming. . . . Carter's handling of the economy paints a portrait of a president unable to lead or establish priorities . . . callous disregard of the Full Employment Act. . . . The budget cutbacks proposed by Jimmy Carter in the name of fighting inflation hurt the poor and denied jobs to the unemployed. . . . They also did nothing to counter inflation. . . . Carter has gone back on virtually every energy promise he made. . . . Carter's record on environmental matters has been a shocking disappointment. . . . Carter's urban policy . . . raised expectations only to disappoint eventually. . . . This Administration has a terrible record on public transportation. . . . The Carter plan will seriously delay the enactment of truly comprehensive and universal national health insurance. . . . No state has ratified it [ERA] during his Administration. . . . Carter's personal opposition to abortion and to Federal funding of abortions has encouraged Congress to set up a double standard wherein rich women are allowed the abortions poor women cannot afford. . . . The record of the Carter Administration in this area [civil rights] has been spotty; compared to what it might have been, the record can only be graded 'poor.' . . . The all-pervasive public mobilization of this Administration to purchase renomination is all the more dangerous to our democratic society because these blatant measures for self-perpetuation of the incumbent come from one who cynically purported to oppose them.

And still more. The ADA board on July 26 of this year called for the resignation of Attorney General Civiletti on the ground, among others, that he had lied when he said he had never been in contact with the White House on the Billy Carter matter. It is now clear that both Civiletti and Carter lied about this. On June 17, Civiletti asked presidential counsel Cutler to leave the Oval Office so he could talk to the president alone. He then discussed the Billy Carter matter with the president, who thereafter made a note of the conversation. For five weeks Carter permitted Civiletti and the White House to deny that there had ever been any contact between them. Carter's public defense that he forgot about the conversation stretches credulity beyond the breaking point.

Wherever one goes the argument for Carter is the same—nothing about his being good or even a passable president, but only that Ronald Reagan somehow threatens our way of

White House Watch
Refugees

While President Carter was preparing his current appeals to Hispanic and other ethnic Americans for their votes on November 4, he and some of his assistants were devoting a great deal of their time to discussion of the corrosive and plaguing refugee problem. On Saturday morning, September 13, Carter and Eugene Eidenberg, the assistant for inter-governmental affairs who doubles as the President's coordinator of federal efforts to deal with the illegal influx of 120,000 Cubans and perhaps 10,000 Haitians since last April, reviewed and the President approved several steps intended to mitigate that part of the problem.

Last May 14 the President, trying to modify without withdrawing his earlier burst of bombast to the effect that the inrushing Cubans were welcomed by the US people with "open hearts and open arms," served the beginnings of notice that sponsors and carriers of illegal entrants flooding in by chartered and overloaded boats would soon be treated as violators of US immigration laws. On June 19 the administration announced that people arriving in Florida after that date would be excluded from the limited federal, local, and state care then available to them and would be subject to deportation. This was meant to halt the continuing influx by hired boat from Cuba, mostly to Key West, and the smaller but also continuing inflow of Haitians in overloaded, ill-furnished, often leaky and foundering fishing and other small craft. A brief hiatus, during which arrivals from Cuba fell to zero, or maybe one boat a day, soon ended. A decision to close the Key West reception station was rescinded. Cuban and Haitian "boat people" still hit overcrowded, socially and economically and racially strained south Florida at rates of

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drawing by Mike Keefe

life. Even the Democratic National Committee talks this way; its fund-raising letter now going to millions of Americans starts out: "There are two words being used in America today that are very frightening. Ronald Reagan. Add one more word and the prospect becomes terrifying—PRESIDENT Ronald Reagan." Nowhere in two single-spaced pages does the DNC mention anything Carter has done. Whatever one does as an individual (and many of our friends keep telling us "I'll hold my nose and vote for Carter out of fright of Reagan"), don't shove this "hold-your-nose" philosophy down the throat of our great organization. Bad as Reagan is—and God knows he's bad—I do not believe ADA should make a wholly unjustified endorsement out of fright.

Let's look this liberal fright in the face. Do we really believe that Reagan can turn back the clock on a half century of progress? We don't think he would try any more than Eisenhower did, and, if he tried, he'd get licked. A Democratic Congress united in opposition to Reagan will be far more liberal than a Democratic Congress which does not know whether to follow or oppose a president of its own party who reneges on its platforms and policies. Do we really believe Reagan Supreme Court appointments would be the end of the world or is this another Bob Strauss effort to panic the liberals he's always laughed at? We think the latter. Presidential Supreme Court appointments are never predictable (Eisenhower appointed two of the greatest liberal Justices of our lifetime, Warren and Brennan). But assume the worst and assume, too, that a Democratic Senate would fail to reject bad judicial apples as it did Republican appointees Haynsworth and Carswell. In our view the argument that the Reagan Supreme Court that might live on after his term would block the historically overdue liberal upsurge is more fright than substance. The difference between the the 1980s and the 1930s when the Republican-appointed Supreme Court tried to thwart the New Deal is that the intervening years have seen an acceptance by all members of the Court of the federal power that was challenged in the 1930s. As far as riders like the Hyde Amendment on abortion and the Eagleton-Biden Amendment against busing are concerned, the place to fight them is in a new liberal Congress. Liberals have grown to depend upon the Supreme Court as a crutch when injured by electoral and legislative failures. What we have to do now is begin generating the liberal ideas and idealism which in the days ahead will bring in a liberal president, a liberal Congress, and liberal executives and legislators in state capitols. A cynical, lesser-of-two-evils endorsement of Carter—public acceptance of his illiberal circling—will dampen the beginning of this process for four more years.

For ADA to strike a blow at Anderson by endorsing Carter is to weaken his ability to help liberal candidates Nelson, McGovern, Culver, Bayh, Udall, and others who are under attack from the far right. Every young person and every liberal that Anderson entices to the polls instead of sitting out this election is a vote for the people we support most. We don't think we violate any confidence when we say that more than one of the persons most under attack by the right wing have told us that Anderson's candidacy may be the only thing that will save them.

Endorsement of Carter would be an admission of liberal defeat. Instead, let's simply tell the truth: Carter on his record does not deserve liberal endorsement. Let's get off our knees and draw the line here and now.

Joseph L. Rauh Jr.
Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr.

Joseph L. Rauh Jr., the Washington lawyer and longtime political activist, and *Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr.*, the historian, are both past national chairmen of Americans for Democratic Action.

150 to 200 per day, 4,000 and more per month. In the words of a Carter official, the continued influx "gives us no chance to get well down there."

At current White House count, some 120,000 Cubans have entered this year. About 70,000 have been resettled in south Florida, 30,000 more in New York, Chicago, and elsewhere. Most of the Haitian arrivals this year and perhaps 15,000 earlier arrivals remain in south Florida. Recent Cuban entrants are harder to resettle with friends and other sponsors than the earlier ones. Many, Cuban and Haitian, have been moved out of improvised tent and shack slums to abandoned military missile bases. Of the 20,000 unsettled Cubans, about 2,000 are confirmed felons and are confined in federal prisons or detention centers, awaiting deportation that may not be possible. The administration pledges that they will never be released into US communities. Ten to 15,000 of the others, the number varying with the estimator, are classified "difficult" cases for various reasons—lone juveniles, physically handicapped, unskilled, and a troublesome number of gays, if fewer than the press has reported.

How to stop the inflow, not only from Cuba and Haiti but from the entire Caribbean, is a subject of much fretful discussion and little effective action. The President recently ordered the Navy to increase its help to the Coast Guard forces trying to halt the boat traffic between Florida and Cuba, still principally to and from the Cuban port of Mariel. Most of the boats involved are chartered by Cuban-Americans in Florida. Federal and state officials appeal to these people to stop it, but they won't. The appeals are muted; Carter is not about to alienate the Hispanic Florida vote any more than he already has. By VOA and local TV and radio broadcast, federal, state, and local officials try to convince Cubans in Cuba that they are not welcome in the US now, that there are no jobs waiting for them, that their legal and economic futures are very dim. But

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many of these messages, too, are muted, and they do little or no good. So long as Castro is determined to export his economic and political troubles to the US, and to prevent the return of Cubans who after a rough time in the US want to go home, there isn't much to be done. The ultimate in frustration seemed to be reached the other day with reports that the Coast Guard was turning back to Florida boats loaded with Cubans who were headed home. That wasn't as silly as it seemed: US officials assumed that Cuban authorities would force the boat captains to take more Cubans to Florida.

An obvious remedy would seem to be to enforce the edict of June 19 that illegal entrants after that date would be arrested as illegals, held for deportation, and denied all benefits except the dubious benefits of jail food, clothing, and shelter. But it can't work and was never expected to work. Relevant US laws give all foreign entrants a right to administrative and court processes of appeal from adverse decisions that usually consume a minimum of six months and may last two years or more. In addition, the administration excluded Cuban and Haitian entrants from the Refugee Act of 1980 and guaranteed them temporary parole status for six months, with the possibility of interim resident status after a year and permanent resident alien status after two years. Beyond that, a federal judge in Miami recently forbade the deportation of any Haitians for any reason, pending further review.

The result is that after the recent inter-agency and White House confabulation in Washington, the mitigations decided upon are sensible but hardly in scale with the problem. The administration had said in June that the paroled Cubans and Haitians in south Florida would be eligible for some federal benefits subject to state welfare rules. Florida state welfare programs and levels differ so substantially from federal standards that this proviso left most of the welfare burden upon Florida, Miami and Dade County, and other affected localities. State and local authorities have screamed since April and May that the Cuban-Haitian burden should be a federal responsibility, and the new decisions accept the principle that it should be. Florida and local authorities are being promised $100 million from current budget funds and another $100 million from the 1981 budget, Congress willing, to meet the added welfare costs. An increased federal effort to get the word passed in the Caribbean and throughout Latin America that extra-legal entrants are not welcome now is also promised. An embryo plan to remove some 4,000 Cuban latecomers from Florida, and so relieve some of the social and economic pressure, is in the works but not sufficiently firm for announcement at this writing.

The revised Federal Refugee Act requires the President to tell the Senate and House judiciary committees before the start of each fiscal year on October 1 how many admissions of foreigners under regular procedures are expected in the coming 12 months. The 1981 estimates were completed while the Cuban-Haitian problem was being hashed over and were discussed at Senate and House committee hearings the week of September 15. They foresee 217,000 worldwide admissions, broken down as follows: Indochina—168,000 (our apology to war-ravaged Cambodians, Vietnamese, and Laotians); Soviet Union—33,000 (mostly Jews); Eastern Europe—4,500; Latin America (other than Cuba and Haiti)—4,000; Africa—3,000; Near East—4,500. The actual total may be under 217,000 because the Soviet Union is thought unlikely to grant anywhere near 33,000 exit permits.

The surprisingly low estimate of 3,000 admissions from Africa was explained in an interesting way at a State Department meeting with some 100 black American leaders. It was said that African blacks are less anxious to emigrate to the US than people in any other part of the world. Those who yearn to leave the countries where they are variously hope to return to countries recently liberated or soon to be liberated from white rule, or to liberate or otherwise improve the native countries where they remain. Louis Martin, the President's senior black assistant, attended the State Department meeting and thought the explanation was believable.

John Osborne

Politics

No Tidal Waves

Encouraged by Democratic disarray and a surge in their own polling data, Republican leaders this summer were led to proclaim that 1980 might be one of those watershed political years, another 1828, 1860, 1896, or 1932, a year when the American electorate massively shifted its partisan alignment. Not only did it seem certain that Ronald Reagan would win the presidency, but it seemed possible that Republicans could execute a sweep all down the political line. As Jack Kemp told the Republican National Convention, "there is a tidal wave coming—a political tidal wave as powerful as the one that hit in 1932, when an era of Republican dominance gave way to the New Deal. For the past 25 years, the Republican party has been the minority party in government. But it is clear that today we represent the majority philosophy of the American people. In November, we will convert this philosophic majority into a governing majority—in the White House, in the Congress, and throughout America."

Kemp was not alone in this enthusiasm. GOP chairman Bill Brock also declared that 1980 could be another 1932, though he was careful to talk about possibilities rather than certainties. On the eve of the Republican convention, the National Republican Congressional Committee put out a press release claiming

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America's 1000 rural electric systems report: Energy conservation works.

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that GOP congressional prospects for 1980 "are better than at any time since 1966, when the GOP ticket picked up a net gain of 47 House seats." Such a performance this year still would leave the Republicans 10 seats short of a majority, but for a moment or two this summer GOP leaders forgot the numbers and indicated that capturing control of Congress was a real possibility.

Their hope was based on Republican poll data showing that three-quarters of the electorate believed that things "are seriously off the track" in America and that 80 percent understood that the Democratic party had been in power in Washington during the derailment. The poll showed that on almost every issue of concern to the American people, voters felt that Republicans could do a better job than Democrats. Even on unemployment, Democrats led by just three points. The polling also showed an eight-point jump from late 1979 to mid-1980 in voter preference for Republican congressional candidates. The Democrats were still ahead, but only by 52 to 48. If the trend continued, the Republicans believed, there indeed might be a tidal wave.

It's autumn now, however, and passions have cooled considerably, along with the weather. It may be hurricane season in the Caribbean, but there is little prospect now for a tidal wave in Washington. Whether any real prospect ever existed is open to debate. The climatic shifts in American politics have taken place either because of a decisive coming-of-age of voter groups (frontier farmers in 1828, urban northerners in 1896) or because of huge national crises, as in 1860 and 1932. And three of the four were sustained by powerful personalities—Jackson, Lincoln, and Roosevelt. No such conditions or personalities are with us yet. One could argue that population and power shifts from the north to the sunbelt create the potential for another 1828 or 1896, and that the Democratic legacy of simultaneous high inflation and unemployment constitute a profound crisis in the making, but neither trend has crystalized this year.

Gas Lines

House Defers Battle Over Nerve Gas

—*The Washington Post*, September 11, 1980

NERVE GAS PROJECT GAINS IN CONGRESS

—*The New York Times*, September 11, 1980

Ronald Reagan may win the presidency, but it's clear that he is not leading a partisan or ideological crusade that might carry all before it. He has decided to play safe in order to beat Jimmy Carter, instead of promising to create a new order of things and risk scaring the electorate. Reagan's new economic proposal, for example, is a far cry from the liberation of the American economy that he and Jack Kemp had been touting through the convention. Reagan no longer is saying that he would dismantle large portions of the federal establishment in order to put the people back in command of their own resources. Now he is promising to keep all government programs intact and eliminate only "waste and fraud."

Even as a safe campaigner, Reagan is not performing well. He has allowed Jimmy Carter to put him on the defensive, even with phony charges that Reagan has injected racism into the campaign. And Reagan's advertising—on which his campaign is spending $15 million, half its budget—is disastrous. It pictures Reagan sitting behind a desk talking quietly about this and that issue of economics, but the candidate is so far from the camera and so unanimated that it is impossible even for his staunchest partisans to keep their attention focused on what he is saying. Reagan still leads Carter in enough states to be considered ahead in the race for 270 electoral votes. But in many of the most important states, even Republican officials admit a Reagan victory hinges on John Anderson's ability to take votes away from Carter.

There's no great tidal wave sweeping down and threatening to engulf the Democratic Congress, either. Rather than picking up 47 or 57 House seats in November, most Republicans anticipate a gain of 20 or 30 seats. Democratic campaign officials predict a GOP gain of 20 or fewer. If it's 30, the next Congress would have a balance of 244 Democrats to 189 Republicans, which still would leave the Republicans short of their strength prior to the post-Watergate debacle of 1974. The Senate balance now is 59 to 41 Democratic. Most forecasters now anticipate a Republican gain of four or five seats.

A new Republican poll released last week indicates that the anti-Democratic storms that seemed to be building early this year have abated. Since June there has been no growth whatever in voter preference for GOP congressional candidates. To the contrary, GOP pollster Robert Teeter found Democrats favored 55 to 45, representing a three-point falloff for Republicans. Last November, when voters were asked if they

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thought that electing a Republican Congress would make things better, 57 percent said yes. Now only 31 percent do so, and 48 percent say it won't make any difference who's in charge.

For several months, Teeter has been carefully tracking a huge group of nonvoters—50 million people who are under 40 years old, haven't graduated from college, and earn around $15,000 a year. This was the great "opportunity group" which the Republican National Committee tried to woo with a major advertising campaign around the theme "Vote Republican—For a Change." The GOP spent five million dollars on the ads prior to the Detroit convention and will spend four million dollars more before the election. According to Teeter, the ads have had some impact on blue-collar voters, making them more disposed to vote Republican. But he says there is no evidence that the big nonvoter group has been moved to go to the polls this time. Teeter says that historically it takes a Roosevelt, a Jackson, or a Lincoln to bring out significant numbers of new voters, but that "no one running in the presidential race this year has done it"—more evidence that there'll be no big realignment this year.

Even so, the Republicans are doing some things right this year. One example was the big September 15 rally on the Capitol steps in Washington, at which Reagan and about 285 House and Senate candidates jointly pledged to enact a five-point economic and defense platform if the voters elect a Republican "governing team" in November. Much of the press treated the gathering as a media event, but its sponsors had in mind something more important: to reintroduce the idea of accountability and party discipline into American politics. The project was the brainchild of the longtime Republican idealist and activist Charles McWhorter, who attracted some younger Republican congressmen and persuaded the Reagan campaign to join in.

There was good political logic to the experiment, too. Polls consistently show that Congress as a whole is held in low esteem by the electorate, but that individual incumbents manage to persuade their constituents that they are doing a good job. Usually more than 90 percent of congressional incumbents manage to get themselves reelected. The idea behind the Capitol steps rally was that Republicans would run as candidates do in a parliamentary election, asking voters to vote for the party, not for the man.

Unfortunately the idea didn't get across to the press or the public. One key backer of the event, freshman representative Newt Gingrich of Georgia, thinks that House Republicans should pull something daring to get the point across, such as slowing down the work of the House to make the point that the Democratic leadership plans to adjourn in October without passing a budget (which will be in deficit) and a foreign aid bill (with money for Nicaragua included). He acknowledges that the Republicans may be portrayed as irresponsible, but thinks that risks are necessary to bring the country's attention to Democratic failures. "If we play it safe for the next month and a half," he says, "we'll pick up 25 seats. If we're courageous, we could win 60 to 90." The GOP leadership, though, like Reagan, is likely to play it safe.

Playing safe may not be dramatic or produce tidal waves, but for the Republicans it still may be effective in winning elections. Below the surface of this campaign, at the level of money and machinery, the Republicans have a long lead over the Democrats. For example, on September 13, on a Saturday afternoon, the GOP sponsored an astounding 100,000 small gatherings around the country to recruit about one million volunteers to work door to door for Reagan and lesser GOP candidates. A key recruiting device was a TV program featuring some of the most devastating negative advertising of the campaign, all delivered by innuendo. One clip showed GOP co-chairman Betty Heitman telling a living room audience that Ronald Reagan is a man who "harbors no insecurities. . . . There is no hatred in him, no vindictiveness, no grudges, no desire to get back at anybody. . . . It isn't in Ronald Reagan's style to try to humble or hurt or break others. . . . He won't abandon his principles. He doesn't shift from this point to that one, according to what the latest poll says. He isn't one of those people we've met [who says], 'I love you to pieces and I want you to be my friend, and if you won't, I'll break your arm.'"

Besides volunteers, the Republicans have a massive voter-registration drive under way, while the Democrats have next to none. The Republicans also have a huge lead in money. The Democratic congressional campaign committee has raised $1.3 million this year; its Republican counterpart has $14.5 million. The Republican Senate Campaign Committee has raised 11 times as much as its counterpart. This does not count funds coming from political action committees—money raised by Republican-leaning corporations vastly outstrips that raised by Democratic labor unions. For state legislative candidates, the Republican National Committee is providing $1.5 million; a separate organization, GOPAC, has $550,000. The national Democratic party has raised virtually nothing and its DEMPAC is about to go out of business. State legislatures elected this year are responsible for reapportioning congressional seats for all the elections in the 1980s, so big Republican gains at the state level could mean future GOP control of Congress.

No, the Republican party is not likely to sweep the nation the way the Democrats did in 1932. But the GOP will make gains this year regardless of whether Ronald Reagan wins the presidency, and will be in good condition to capitalize on them in 1982. In fact, the postwar history of congressional elections is that really huge congressional shifts occur in off-years—1946, 1958, 1966, 1974—rather than in presidential election years. The history, too, is that the gains are made by the party that doesn't control the White

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House, suggesting that the GOP would be better off in Congress if Jimmy Carter got reelected in 1980. There could be a Republican Congress in 1982. If by then the sunbelt really comes of age, or if Democratic economics produces a depression and if the right Republican leader comes along, we could see another 1932 in 1984.

Morton Kondracke

The church and politics, round two.

Cardinal's Sin

Three days after the Roman Catholic archbishop of Boston decreed that a vote for liberal congressional candidate Barney Frank bordered on the sinful because of his pro-abortion stand, a consultant to Frank's anti-abortion opponent was distraught. What effect would the church's meddling have on the campaign's outcome? he was asked. The consultant thought for a moment and then replied, "If I were granted an appointment with the cardinal, I'd tell him: "Your Eminence, thanks a lot for ensuring the election of Barney Frank." Last Tuesday the victory of the nationally known liberal activist proved his words prophetic.

Not that the going wasn't rough for a while. The separation of church and state has never been very great in parochial Massachusetts, where Protestants and Catholics have vied for political power throughout the century. Richard Cardinal O'Connell did not hesitate to insert himself into a bitter gubernatorial campaign between James Michael Curley and Maurice Tobin in the 1930s. Later Richard Cardinal Cushing oversaw a sophisticated political organization that worked effectively, if quietly, for candidates and issues of his choosing, not always of the Catholic variety. And recently the church, with anti-abortion missives from the pulpit at Sunday mass, helped elect a governor, Edward J. King, an unctuous patron of the church who upset the pro-abortion liberal Michael S. Dukakis in 1978.

But this year, in the most overt flexing of Roman Catholic muscle ever seen in Massachusetts, the church, it would seem, simply went too far. Ever since April, when Pope John Paul II ordered that priests could not indulge in elective politics, few people in Massachusetts believed the edict had any other target than Father Robert F. Drinan ("The Drinan Coup," *TNR*, June 14). Onetime dean of Boston College Law School, beloved by his political parish, a swath of largely college-educated moderates and liberals north and west of Boston known as the Fourth Congressional District, Drinan rode to office in 1970 on his opposition to the Vietnam War. Drinan raised the hackles of the church hierarchy with his outspoken advocacy of human rights, specifically in Central and South America, and his belief that abortion was fundamentally a political issue.

With the sudden end of his political career, Drinan and his supporters coalesced around the equally liberal Barney Frank, a state representative from Boston who supported gay rights, women's rights, abortion, Ted Kennedy, and butter over guns. Two weeks before the September 16 primary, Frank found himself with a small but shrinking lead over Arthur Clark, the moderate-conservative mayor of Waltham, a blue-collar city adjacent to liberal Newton. But the Thursday before the primary, the entire nature of what had been a classic liberal/conservative battle changed. Into the fray jumped Humberto Cardinal Medeiros, successor to Cushing. A church leader known for his reticence (he had been notably silent when busing-related racial violence jarred Boston in the mid-1970s), Medeiros issued a scathing attack on abortion, pro-abortion law-makers, and voters "who promote, defend, and elect these same legislators." These voters, Medeiros wrote in a letter published in the *Pilot*, the official newspaper of the Boston archdiocese, "cannot separate themselves totally from the guilt which accompanies this horrendous crime and deadly sin." The effect was immediate and dramatic. The Frank/Clark campaign became a referendum overnight—or to be precise, two referenda: the first on the question of abortion, the second on the free will of voters in the Fourth District.

The *Boston Globe*, protector of progressive values which had long stood for free choice on abortion, waded in after Medeiros with abandon. The morning after publication of the cardinal's letter, a prominently displayed front-page story told readers "political considerations were decisive" in the timing of Medeiros's move. "Sources familiar with the background of the letter said Cardinal Medeiros was outraged by the highly visible support" Drinan was giving Frank. The same day the *Globe*'s lead editorial hammered the church. It read:

> It is sad to realize just how far we have come from the days of Pope John 23rd. From that day in Houston when John Kennedy squarely faced the issue of religion in politics and told a meeting of Protestant ministers that, as a Catholic layman, he did not speak for the church nor it for him. The Cardinal and his associates apparently believe that era has ended and they may play recklessly at politics.

Even before Medeiros's ill-advised entry into the campaign, less emotional policy differences between Frank and Clark—defense spending being the most prominent—were becoming subordinate to the more visceral issues. A Clark radio ad skillfully painted Frank with the "big city brush." As it began, the listener heard a woman's voice intoning a litany of urban ills: "pollution, mass-transit, crime, racial pressure, prostitution," she almost whispered. The voice faded

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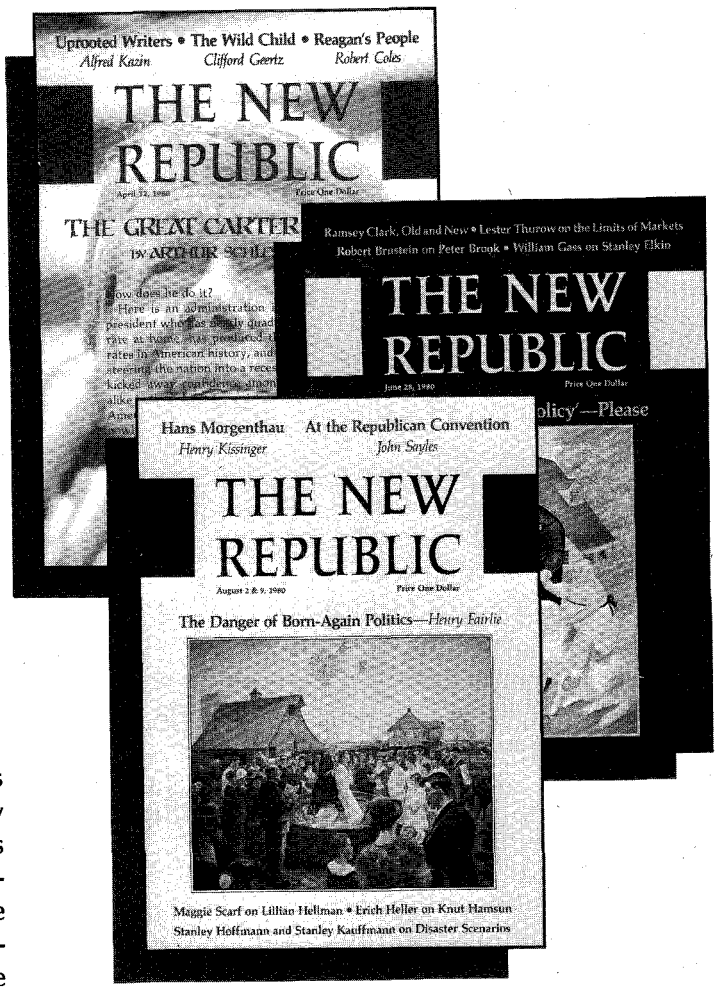
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into a fatherly voice representing the grandfatherly Clark. "Arthur Clark knows the difference between big city and suburban issues," listeners were told. "Barney Frank wants to legalize prostitution! In Arthur Clark's opinion, nobody in the Fourth District wants to move the Combat Zone [Boston's porno and hooker district] here. Just because he moved into the Fourth District doesn't mean he's changed what he stands for." Which is what? The woman's near-subliminal and oh-so-innocent voice returned to answer the question: "The Combat Zone, racial pressure."

While it was true that Frank once sponsored a bill in the Massachusetts legislature to legalize the Combat Zone in order to isolate the element it attracted, the ad was obviously a gross distortion. And it began to anger progressives and moderates, fully 74 percent of the district, according to one poll. Further polarizing the district was a well-publicized blast from yet another Catholic cleric, Monseignor Leo Battista, from the Diocese of Worcester, who issued a letter to Drinan on September 3 asking him to reconsider his support for Frank. Battista charged that Frank, among other things, was a "direct threat to the Judeo-Christian family," and an advocate of "obscene and offensive material," "X-rated movies on home television," and, of course, abortion. It was a message strikingly similar to Clark's smear campaign and was given an official imprimatur that same day when Governor King, a supporter of Clark, named the good monseignor to the State Advisory Council for the Office of Children.

But it was Medeiros's letter, coming as it did on the eve of Rosh Hashanah (when Frank was off the trail for his Jewish New Year observance), that set the campaign on its final course. On primary day the district responded in unequivocal fashion. In the conservative small cities and towns in the northwestern sector of the district—the farthest from Boston—Clark won on a sizable but anticipated majority, out-polling Frank 68-32. If the cardinal sought to stand on the cutting edge of a single-issue moral crusade, his flock won no converts. Results elsewhere in the district were altogether different. Frank's key strategist, Tom Kiley, onetime campaign manager of Mo Udall's 1976 presidential bid, had hoped for a 9,000 vote margin in heavily liberal and Jewish Newton and Brookline. He got a 15,300 vote cushion. That was more than enough to offset a massive Clark vote in his home town. Voters in Newton and Brookline went to the polls in unprecedented numbers. Brookline alone went to Frank 10,316 to 2,773.

"For the first time," a high-ranking Frank campaign adviser noted, "the Protestants and the Jews saw this played out in front of them. Before this it was always rumors—like the rubber hoses in the back room of the police station." Kiley, whose polls had shown Frank leading Clark by eight percent two weeks before the primary and on primary day itself was hoping for a three to five percent victory, looked up the tally on Tuesday night to find his man with a comfortable 53-47 percent mandate. "I thought the cardinal's involvement tended to solidify Clark's support, and enlarge my own," Frank said later. But a mandate for what? To be sure, to carry on the outspoken advocacy for liberalism established by Robert Drinan. But far more than that. A Roman Catholic liberal political operative, observing the climax of the campaign from a distance, put it this way: "This was a referendum on the Catholic church in Massachusetts politics. And that's just fabulous." Wednesday's Boston *Herald American*, responding not only to Frank's success but also to the victory of fellow liberal congressman James Shannon, who also suffered the church's wrath, headlined the results this way: "Cardinal's Letter: The Verdict is In." Massachusetts voters, at least in the Fourth District, made their feelings clear: the cardinal would be well advised to remember John Paul II's edict to Robert Drinan—and stay the hell out of elective politics.

Richard Gaines
Marco Trbovich

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Japan's military muddle.

The Ghosts of Yasukuni

Tokyo

Any way you look at him Zenko Suzuki is no oil painting. But the new Japanese prime minister is nonetheless what his countrymen call a *happo bijin*, an "eight-direction beauty"—an expert at sensing the public mood, expressing views that he thinks will command maximum support, and thus looking good from all angles.

Suzuki san's first public exhibition of his skills has been his handling of two closely related problems: Japan's role in World War II, and what increases, if any, should be made in Japan's current level of military preparedness in view of Iran, Afghanistan, Cambodia, the Soviet naval build-up, and all the other noises in the world. Suzuki, it seems, is indeed a master of ambiguous compromise, and defense is still the most explosive issue in Japanese politics.

The subject comes up late every summer, as Japan's month of sorrow rolls round. August 6 is the anniversary of Hiroshima, August 9, Nagasaki, and August 15—the bitterest memory of all—is surrender day. More than two million Japanese were killed in action, at least another million died in the poisonous ruins of Japan's bombed-out cities, and all, in the end, for nothing. Hiroshima and Nagasaki long since have

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been reduced to bland ceremonies which offend no one. But "the day the war ended," as the Japanese, who are still touchy about the word "surrender," delicately call it, is turning into a real day of remembrance and even some rare self-examination.

A strange, half-furtive little ritual, watched by everyone in Japan who owns a TV (at last count 98.2 percent of the population), was enacted on August 15, confirming how far Japan still has to go before the spirits of the war dead can rest in peace. The scene was the Yasukuni shrine, which occupies a broad hill wooded with cherry trees overlooking the imperial palace in the heart of Tokyo. Yasukuni (meaning "peaceful country" on the theory popular among military men that the way to lasting peace is to wage war) is Japan's official shrine for the war dead.

Takeo Miki was the first postwar Japanese prime minister to set foot in Yasukuni, which he visited on surrender day 1975, not as prime minister but as president of the Liberal Democratic party, in a party car. Takeo Fukuda went in 1978 but Prime Minister Ohira did not go last year (he offered no explanation, but perhaps the reason was that he is a Christian). Last Friday was the first time cabinet members have visited the shrine en masse since the war. To an outsider all this may sound meaningless. What, after all, is wrong with a few moments' respect for the war dead?

Watched by TV cameras, Prime Minister Suzuki arrived at Yasukuni shortly before lunchtime, in his official car, driven by his official chauffeur. He marched purposefully down the avenue of cherry trees to the main shrine, which is decorated with the chrysanthemum crest of the emperor, clapped his hands to attract the attention of the gods, inclined his head for perhaps 10 seconds, signed the proffered visitors' book firmly "Suzuki Zenko, Prime Minister," turned on his heel, and left, with the air of a man who had completed a ticklish mission. During the day 18 members of his cabinet arrived, in dribs and drabs, and went through the same stiff little ceremony. All signed with their official titles—none made the cash contribution which is customary at Japanese shrines.

Actually, Suzuki and his colleagues were tiptoeing through a political minefield. Most of the Shinto shrines in Japan date from antiquity, and look it. Yasukuni was completed only in 1896, the year after Japan's victorious war with China, which yielded, at a trivial cost, Formosa and a substantial foothold in Korea—the first of the pushovers that led Japan down the slippery path to Pearl Harbor. It is notable for an immense bronze *torii*, an arch 60 feet high, the biggest in Japan, and a gigantic statue of Omura Masujiro, modern Japan's first minister of war, dressed in full samurai splendor with two swords and with a ferocious scowl on his face.

This otherwise obscure individual is remembered for his work in creating the modern Japanese military system, the key to which lay in transferring the loyalty of the samurai class, formerly a personal bond between the individual warrior and the local provincial lord, to the emperor, who up to that time had been a religious personage without military significance. The result was to militarize the Japanese monarchy, and at the same time deify the Japanese soldier—an explosive combination of two of the more compulsively adhered-to traditions of a deeply traditional people.

Under the new system, which gave Japan the first effective modern army in Asia, all those who fell in battle for the emperor became instant Shinto gods, like the emperor himself. Emperor Hirohito, by his own public pronouncement, has reverted to the status of a human being, but Japan's war dead have not—they are still, as a freshly painted sign at Yasukuni (in English for the benefit of foreigners) spells out, "here worshipped as deities."

These divine personages, now numbering some two and a half million, include all the kamikaze pilots, whose last toast—with sake supplied by the emperor—was to "meet under the cherry blossoms at Yasukuni." Also included, since their names were added secretly by the shrine committee in 1978, are wartime prime minister Hideki Tojo and six other military men hanged as war criminals by the Americans in 1949.

Not included are the dead of Hiroshima and Nagasaki (unless they happened to be soldiers), nor the 180,000 killed one night in a fire-raid on Tokyo, in which Yasukuni was spared because it happens to be near the emperor's palace. Yasukuni is not a monument to grief, but to military vainglory.

The atmosphere of Yasukuni owes little to Japanese tradition. The bronze horsemen, the display of rusty cannon and tattered battle flags unmistakably come from the world of Kaiser Bill and Earl Haig, the industrialized European nationalism which brought us World War I, Hitler, Stalin, and all that grief. But Japan made her own special contribution, reflected in the steadily growing collection of suicide weapons displayed in the grounds of Yasukuni. The latest additions are a *kaiten*, or midget submarine, actually a manned torpedo "on permanent and indefinite loan" from the US Navy in Hawaii, and a full-size replica of a *sakura*, or flying bomb, the final refinement of the kamikaze aircraft, capable of only one, one-way flight.

But worshipping the planners of Japan's disastrous war as gods, or allowing others to use state funds to do so, still sticks in the craw of many Japanese. Some of the most vehement opposition to the goings-on at Yasukuni comes, interestingly enough, from some of the surviving kin of the dead who are, in principle anyway, enshrined there.

A key question, therefore, is who owns the shrine. Until 1945, it belonged to the state. In theory the Japanese emperor and the state were one and the same, and it seemed to the occupying Americans that it would be a short step from Japanese military control of the emperor (through his nominal role of commander-in-chief) to the establishment of a full-blown totalitar-

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ian society without a mass party, Führer, or any of the usual trappings of dictatorship. The Americans, taking Yasukuni to be something akin to their own Arlington, removed it from state ownership and placed it under the control of the shrine *ko*, a shadowy committee of the shrine's clergy and leading worshippers.

Since 1969 the ruling Liberal Democratic party has introduced five bills aimed at placing Yasukuni once more under the protection of the state. All have been dropped, or died in committee, and the same thing happened to a new proposal along the same lines which was floated only last week. Suzuki's mass cabinet visit was then substituted, apparently as a cautious consolation prize for supporters of the shrine and the ideas behind it.

Much the same fate has befallen the defense budget. "As a member of the western camp," said the US Defense Agency in its annual report issued last month, "Japan must make more efforts for its own defense," citing the familiar litany of Afghanistan, Cambodia, the Soviet naval build-up, and so on. The Americans have been urging the same thing for 25 years, without success, and now China, Australia, and Japan's own arms-manufacturing industries have chimed in. The result, after much soul-searching, has been pathetic: the Finance Ministry announced that while overall government expenditure will increase 7.5 percent yext year, defense spending will go up 9.7 percent. As Premier Suzuki explained delicately, "It is not unrare that special treatment is given to budgetary items bound by diplomatic commitments in treaties or agreements"—or, in plainer Japanese, the Americans made us do it.

To achieve even a modest-sized nuclear deterrent, say half a dozen submarines and matching nuclear missiles, Japan would need to spend five times the present defense budget for at least a decade. Yet the trifling increase which has been announced, together with Premier Suzuki's visit to Yasukuni, was greeted by the *Asahi Shimbun* with an editorial entitled "The Road to War," which concluded that "Japanese people paid a high price in the last world war. We should not forget the lessons we learned."

After the Liberal Democrats' landslide win in the recent elections, there has been some revival of interest in the campaign led by the wartime munitions minister and later prime minister Nobusuke Kishi to revise Japan's "no-war" constitution, which has the effect of keeping Japan's present defense forces half-legal, and short of both men and modern equipment. The movement has made some progress among provincial and municipal assemblies, recently taken over by Liberal Democrats, who have in turn sent "recommendations" to Tokyo on which the government has no legal obligation to act, and no apparent intention to, either.

The response of the ultra-cautious Suzuki administration has been another tiny move toward rearmament, but so small as to be laughable. The aging fighters that "defend" Japan's air space now are authorized to carry air-to-air missiles, as other air forces have been doing for decades, and Japan's tiny fleet of frigates and destroyers now can ship one live torpedo each when they go out on patrol. This is hardly likely to set the Soviet Far Eastern fleet scuttling back to harbor.

In fact, events in far-off Afghanistan or even closer to home seem to have impressed the Japanese far less than the rapid build-up of a new military dictatorship in South Korea. The problem of the place of the military in Japanese life is as far from a solution as ever, and Japan will not become a major military power, or even capable of serious self-defense, until the ghosts of Yasukuni are exorcised. Not much is going to happen, certainly, during the term of omnidirectional beauty Zenko Suzuki.

Murray Sayle

Murray Sayle is a British freelance writer in Japan.

Reagan's secret weapon.

You're Getting Sleepy

In the 1960s, countless Americans overcame the taboo against freer, polymorphous sex. In the 1970s, they removed the taboo against eating well and spent large sums of money for thin strips of blanched zucchini. In the 1980s, we will conquer the last great inhibition: the one against napping.

"In general," says Dr. Cheryl Spinweber, a sleep researcher and nap specialist at the Naval Health Research Center in San Diego, "there's been a movement to slow down the pace of life. As we accept the need to take care of our health, to take a holistic approach, we'll probably see more naps." (She also predicts more sleep disturbances in the 1980s, but that's another story.) Granted, Dr. Spinweber speaks to us from a region where the prevailing local custom, lollygagging in hot tubs, already closely resembles the practice of napping, but the signs elsewhere in the country also point to siesta. Says one friend of mine, who works for public television on the East Coast: "I see vast nap possibilities in the 1980s." Like Dr. Spinweber, he too is an expert, although of a different sort. He doesn't study naps; he simply takes them. And although he survived a recent spate of layoffs at the station where he works, the prospects for public television in the coming decade—given the emergence of cable television and the shriveling of traditional funding sources—are such that he expects to have time to hone his habit in the future. "You're going to have to rip the lid off the nap story," he warned me. "There are thousands of closet nappers out there."

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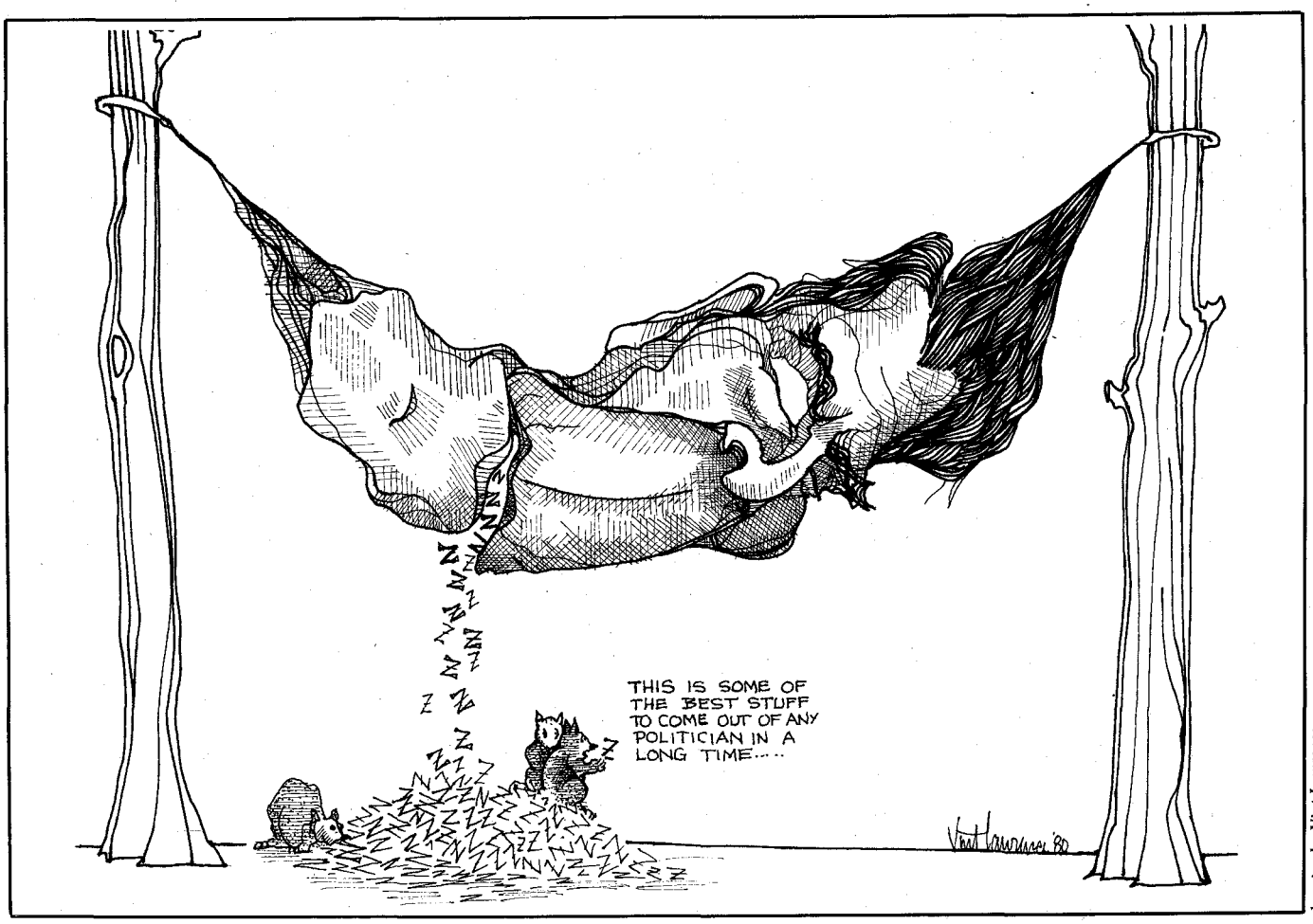

drawing by Vint Lawrence

Now there is a more positive force for napping on the horizon, one that's sure to encourage closet nappers to come forward, and its name is Ronald Reagan. If the candidate with a solid reputation for napping is elected president, a position from which he can spearhead the pro-nap movement, there won't be any more waffling on the nap issue. Four years ago, Jimmy Carter told his people not to work so hard, to go home earlier and spend time with the family. Under Reagan, the message will be: "go home early and take a nap." Daytime sleeping could become as American as Twenty Mule Team Borax and the Laffer Curve.

Those who found it possible to remain awake during the 1970s now will find several reasons to doze off in the middle of the day. Increasing unemployment expands the ranks of nappers, as do job sharing, the four-day work week, and the gradual replacement of many workers in the 1980s with versatile computer-controlled robots. Sheer boredom, particularly with the choice of presidential candidates this fall, has already forced many to get a jump on the trend by inducing them to fall asleep while watching the two national conventions. For members of the vaunted baby boom, now wading into their 30s, naps will be increasingly irresistible; the competition for the top jobs in their fields will leave most of them frustrated and treading water in middle-level positions. The ability to fight off sleep will be impaired further by the ease with which those 10 or so years younger—in a less populous generation—will enter the work force and at salaries comparable to their own.

But is it cause for alarm that our next president may be a napper? Hardly. President Carter quickly traded in his novel work ethic for the traditional one, finally basing his 1980 ad campaign on the virtues of late-to-bed-early-to-rise. His performance is enough to make voters wish he had continued to knock off at a reasonable hour; the result couldn't possibly have been worse. And so to attribute any of Reagan's deficiencies to his napping is the reddest of herrings. Anyone, even a president, should be able to do his job in eight good hours, leaving plenty of time for 40 winks, or even 45. With presidents, there's even more of a case that what matters is not the time spent in bed, but what is done with the time spent out of it.

At any rate, whether Ronald Reagan in fact naps is open to discussion. When Reagan was governor of California, *Esquire* reported recently, "he was a nap man. Once he broke down and exploded during the 1966 campaign at an event he attended after having been denied his afternoon nap." Reaganite and conservative economist Jude Wanniski seemed to corroborate this when he argued recently, in Reagan's behalf, that "if you are as adroit as Calvin Coolidge [a Wanniski idol and known napper and long sleeper] was in knowing where the margin lies, in knowing which spark plug in the engine that contains 87,000 spark plugs is misfiring, and you can replace it in the morning, you can take a nap in the afternoon." But Washington lawyer John Sears, who ran Reagan's presi-

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dential campaigns in 1976 and much of 1980, says that as far as he knows, Reagan took no naps between 1974 and the present. "Oh, he got his full eight at night," Sears says, "but he couldn't even nod off on plane flights. I was always impressed at how well he kept going at his age."

One can reconcile these reports by assuming that Reagan *was* a napper who, like many older people, found he needed less sleep as he aged. If it's true that he hasn't napped in years, the fact that he's still saddled with the napper's reputation suggests its pejorative power; after all, in this country one is still "caught napping," as if it were a minor felony. Not that it hasn't been possible to remain above the law if you properly advertised your industriousness. LBJ regularly napped in the middle of the day, but he awoke early and worked late. "No one," according to political scientist and presidential scholar James Barber, "has reported an atmosphere of Coolidgean placidity in the Johnson White House." Reagan's unflattering reputation is reinforced by the charge that, as governor of California, he not only napped but left work in his limousine at five o'clock.

What's important, then, is that Reagan is perceived as a napper and can now transform what appears to be a political liability into a virtue as flag-bearer for the pro-nap forces. Even if Reagan should be denied the presidency this fall, his candidacy will have brought into sharper focus questions crucial to the coming decade: Is anything wrong with napping? Why do nappers nap? Can anyone nap? What do naps do?

There are only two instances in which napping is wrong: when you are infringing on someone else's ability to perform his or her job properly (for instance, one does not nap when one's editor is waiting for one's copy); and when you are infringing on someone else's ability to take a nap ("Sleep fast, we need the pillows!" as the old Yiddish saying goes). With those exceptions, napping is a desirable leisure-time activity: it is harmless, uses no electricity, requires no expensive equipment (or, in most cases, professional instruction), is ecologically safe, and is usually noiseless. The one drawback that many nappers complain of—that napping produces an inordinate amount of drooling—is, according to Dr. Spinweber, an illusion; she claims that people who drool while napping also drool while sleeping, but in the latter case the saliva has ample time to dry.

The question of why nappers nap is harder to answer. In 1977, a group of sleep researchers at the Institute of Pennsylvania Hospital and the University of Pennsylvania broke nappers down into two categories: "replacement" nappers who are merely compensating for sleep deficits (they were out late or suffer disorders such as insomnia, sleep apnea, or delayed phase sleep syndrome); and "appetitive" nappers who "nap lightly for psychological reasons unrelated to sleep needs." The appetitive nap is the nap of the 1980s, although the psychological reasons can range from the faint desire to be supine on a rainy afternoon to severe depression, with the Coolidgean nap somewhere in between. It was Calvin Coolidge, a non-exerciser and appetitive napper, who replied when asked how he stayed in shape: "By avoiding the big problems." Many of Reagan's critics catch some of the flavor of that logic in Reagan's 1966 comment that "politics is just like show business. You have a hell of an opening, coast for a while, and then have a hell of a close."

These examples notwithstanding, appetitive napping generally is no more a symptom of indolence than workaholism is a symptom of productivity. Those who begrudge nappers their daily dozing are just as likely to be jealous of, as they are more diligent than, the objects of their scorn. The world is full of people who spend hours at their desks each day making animals out of paper clips or drinking costly carbonated water, but who would rather be napping, if only they could. Since it is impossible to measure output, why brag about how many hours you spend at the office? What is needed to solve the productivity problem is fewer hours better spent.

Which brings us to the question: Can anyone nap? The answer is yes, according to Dr. Spinweber. In one of her recent experiments, she selected 20 subjects, including people who did not or felt they could not nap, and gave them two opportunities to take two-hour naps during working hours. All 20 subjects napped on both occasions. How can this be in a society that includes millions of ostensibly nap-proof people who feel—when they awake after accidentally falling asleep in the afternoon—as if they've suddenly developed an intractable psychosis?

Simple. They were given permission to fall asleep. "In our culture," says Spinweber, who says she no longer naps because, as a sleep researcher, she needs to stay awake, "sleep always suffers. Hygiene and eating don't, but napping is thought to be the equivalent of eating between meals." But she has shown that napping is within everyone's reach, although it is not always easy at the office these days to find a dark room and someone to give us permission.

In their efforts to jump aboard the napping bandwagon, non-nappers shouldn't feel unnecessarily daunted by the example of those prodigious catnappers who, like Napolean and Edison, seem able to sleep under any conditions. "Sleep," counsels Spinweber, "cannot be made to happen. One cannot turn it on at will; individuals like Napolean have a special ability to relax, empty their minds, and resist stimuli." That's easier said than done, but pursuits unrelated to napping can help the cause. A relative of mine who took a course in Transcendental Meditation found that its chief benefit was not that he learned how to meditate, but that he learned how to take longer, more fulfilling naps.

Moreover, it's not that expert nappers are myste-

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riously free of guilt, but that they know how to put that to sleep, too. One writer I know takes the position, as she settles in for her snooze, that without this nap she won't be any good at the typewriter during her non-napping hours. While most try to seduce the superego, others speak directly to God. Martin E. Marty, an editor of the *Christian Century* and napper *par excellence*, banishes guilty thoughts when he wants to drop off by saying: "Look, God, I am a Lutheran. I belong to a church that believes in justification by grace through faith. You can't get at me. I'm tapped into cheap grace."

If you still have trouble napping, just repeat after Dr. Cheryl Spinweber: "It looks like a short nap improves performance." What's weird is that no one really knows why. (In fact, no one even understands the mechanisms in nocturnal sleep by which we recover from fatigue.)

But true nappers, whether "replacement" or "appetitive," lose no sleep wondering what it is about what they do that makes them feel so good. Aspiring nappers shouldn't worry about it either, but rather should confine their thoughts to the discovered laws of napping—in particular, the observation that napping, unlike jogging, roller skating, and windsurfing, is a fad open to absolutely everyone. Also keep in mind that the best time to nap is around noon or in the afternoon, when sleep patterns most resemble the narcotic, dreamless early stages of nocturnal sleep (napping in the morning produces more potentially fitful REM sleep, although it escapes me why anyone would try such a thing in the first place).

As for questions of style—under the covers or on top of them, the desirability of comforters and sleep masks, and the numbers of pillows—that's entirely up to you.

R. D. Rosen

R. D. Rosen, author of *Psychobabble* and former editor-in-chief of the *Real Paper* in Boston, will be unavailable between the hours of three and 4:30 p.m.

A laboratory of Soviet exploitation.

Ethiopia Fallen

by Dereje Deressa

In recent years the Ethiopian military junta, propped up by Soviet, East German, and Cuban forces, has unleashed a reign of terror that has taken the lives of over 500,000 Ethiopians, while hundreds of thousands more have been subjected to imprisonment and torture. In addition, approximately 1.6 million Ethiopians live in forced exile in Africa, Europe, and the US.

Situated in the Horn of Africa, Ethiopia borders on the Red Sea and its narrow southern exit into the Gulf of Aden. Through this exit, the Strait of Bab el Mandeb, pass tankers carrying oil to the West and Japan. Opposite Ethiopia, on the other side of the Strait, lies South Yemen, currently also under Soviet influence. Ethiopia's strategic importance for the Soviets arises not only from its proximity to the Strait of Bab el Mandeb, but also from its central location in eastern Africa, as a neighbor to the Sudan, Kenya, Somalia, and the territories of the Afars and Issas (formerly Djibouti).

Dereje Deressa is a former Ethiopian journalist and businessman now living in exile in London.

For 44 years, until he was dethroned in 1974, the late emperor Haile Selassie ruled Ethiopia as an absolute dictator. Despite his almost mythical stature in the outside world as a benevolent ruler, in reality his regime was feudal and archaic. Backed by the Coptic Christian church and the aristocracy, Selassie perpetuated a system of land tenure that allowed less than one percent of the population to own over 70 percent of the arable land. Of equal significance, Emperor Haile Selassie's regime systematically thwarted the development of institutions from which political parties of any sort could have grown.

The exception was the Ethiopian military. In January 1974, rank-and-file soldiers in Negele, Bale Province, began agitating for increased benefits. During this period, when the Ethiopian masses were in the grip of the famine and drought that was affecting much of Africa, and amidst widespread social unrest, various branches of the army quietly sent 120 young officers and NCOs to Addis Ababa to press the government for higher wages and better working conditions. Eventually, these 120 representatives

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formed a committee that later became known as the Dergue, which is the Amharic word for committee. Remnants of this group, headed by Lieutenant Colonel Mengistu Haile Mariam, today rule Ethiopia.

Even after overthrowing Haile Selassie later the same year, the Dergue remained a product of a military organization committed to vestiges of the emperor's regime, such as the institution of the monarchy. However, by 1976 the Dergue already had involved itself in actions that went far beyond the original, limited ambitions of the army in sending its members to Addis Ababa. By attempting to placate the growing demands of the interest groups for which it purported to speak, the Dergue now found itself in an awkward position with its primary constituency, the military forces, whose traditional role was the maintenance of the status quo.

Alert to the very real danger of alienating the army if it were to attempt to implement genuinely radical change as demanded by other more progressive groups, the Dergue escalated the army's involvement in military actions in Eritrea and in other parts of the country. At the same time, the Dergue began to neutralize the power of the existing elites in the army by killing senior officers who were considered dangerous. The Dergue forced other officers into early retirement and created entirely new units, manned by fresh recruits from the countryside, under its direct control. The new recruits in a short time expanded the size of the military from approximately 60,000 to 350,000 men. As the Eritrean conflict effort escalated, the Dergue found itself in need of additional weapons, and turned to the United States, Ethiopia's principal arms supplier since World War II, for military hardware. To its credit, the US was unwilling to supply arms for other than defensive purposes.

In the meantime, the Dergue was facing difficulties in the east, where Somali insurgents were active. Written into Somalia's constitution is the concept of a "Greater Somalia" that defines as part of Somalia areas within the political boundaries of Kenya and the territories of the Afars and Issas, as well as Ethiopia. The Soviet Union, interested in the formation of a federation of states in the Horn of Africa under Russian influence, had been providing military support to Somalia, while continuing a dialogue with the Eritrean liberation forces and flirting with the Dergue under Mengistu Haile Mariam.

The Soviets had obtained the help of Fidel Castro to encourage the federation concept during a series of visits to Addis Ababa and Mogadishu, the capital of Somalia, in early 1977. However, later in the same year, the Somalian army, to the dismay of the Soviets, invaded the Ogaden, the vast eastern desert region of Ethiopia. The Somalis defeated the Ethiopian garrison in Jijiga, and came within a few miles of taking Harrar, the third largest city in Ethiopia. Alarmed about their very survival, the Dergue now turned to the Soviet Union for hardware, military expertise, and additional troops. The Russians, sensing their chance to befriend Ethiopia, larger in size and population than Somalia and greater in potential wealth, terminated military assistance to Somalia, and proceeded to supply the Dergue with all that they requested. The tide of the conflict soon shifted, and Somali forces were driven out with the decisive aid of Soviet tanks and substantial numbers of Cuban troops.

US-Ethiopian relations, which began to deteriorate in 1974 as the United States increasingly was associated with the discredited policies of the emperor, eventually reached the breaking point in 1977. The United States was asked by the Dergue to withdraw American military personnel from the country and drastically reduce its embassy staff. In their place, Russian and East German security and military personnel poured into the country, joining the thousands of Cubans who already had been sent to Ethiopia at the Kremlin's expense. The Soviets, like other knowledgeable observers of the Ethiopian scene, recognized the Dergue for what it was—an inexperienced group of opportunists who would not be able to consummate the revolution that others had begun, but who would have a pressing need for foreign help to maintain control of the country.

Evidence of the grim symbiosis between the Dergue and the Soviets abounds in Ethiopia. Most important are the enormous amounts of military hardware, more than a billion dollars' worth, that the Soviet Union has shipped to Ethiopia in the last few years. This flood of war material originally was justified as necessary to suppress the Eritrean secessionists and to repel the Somali invaders. However, the Dergue has not hesitated to turn this newly supplied firepower against a wide variety of domestic opposition groups. Perhaps most insulting to Ethiopians is the presence of the Cuban soldiers as an occupying auxiliary to maintain political order. Ethiopian families are being forced out of their homes to accommodate these foreign forces. Because of shortages of basic commodities, the masses of Ethiopians continue to live near starvation while those close to the Dergue and their newly found foreign allies lead lives of comfort and abundance. The propensity of Cubans to violate Ethiopian women has proven an especially offensive dimension of the brand of socialist rule imported by the Dergue.

The longer-range designs of the Soviets are apparent in Ethiopia. Efforts have been made to create peasant cooperatives and collective farming. Russian advisers have collaborated with the Dergue to eliminate Western-educated persons from positions of responsibility, and Ethiopian teenagers are now being bundled off to Soviet bloc countries and Cuba for political and technical training. Also, in an apparent effort to limit the access of Ethiopians to dissenting views, the government now requires the registration of shortwave radios and probably will outlaw them in the future.

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The alacrity of the Soviet response to the Dergue's request for assistance and the extensiveness of the Soviet investment in Ethiopia suggest that Ethiopia is viewed by the Russians as integral to a broader set of Soviet intentions in the region. The international politics of oil obviously comes to mind since Soviets now have footholds on both sides of the Red Sea in Ethiopia and South Yemen. The Soviet Union is the main supplier of oil to its satellites in Eastern Europe. The Soviets are faced not only with the problem of continuing to meet this demand, but also with anticipated increases in the 1980s.

The Soviet scheme of diluting Western influence in the Persian Gulf already has begun to show signs of success; Saudi Arabia and Kuwait, once arch enemies of Russia, are now negotiating trade agreements with the Soviets. The current relationship between Moscow and Addis Ababa could easily be adapted to facilitate interference in the political and economic affairs of neighboring countries like the Sudan, Kenya, Somalia, and the territories of the Afars and Issas. According to reports filtering out of Addis Ababa, underground operatives from Kenya now are being trained secretly in Cuba for future subversive activities in their homeland. Soviet influence in Angola already is well known, and there are indications of a growing relationship with Zambia in light of the recent signing of a major arms sale agreement with the Russians. The danger here is not that those African countries will fall domino-style to the Communists, but that the interests of Soviet "hegemony" will be promoted by allowing the Russians to unsettle and, in some instances, alter established Western alliances in Africa.

The expansion of global Soviet power is likely to be advanced by increasing bilateral trade with African countries such as Ethiopia. The familiar leftist cliché about Africa's serving as an attractive market for Western manufactured goods in exchange for cheap raw materials applies as well to the socialist economies of the Soviet bloc. Arguably, the Soviet approach to trade in the third world is more exploitative than the Western approach. This is because the Soviet Union and its satellites conduct international trade on a barter system; thus, third world countries tend to have even less prospect of improving their foreign exchange position or their ability to repay development loans. On the other hand, the prospects are strong for long-term dependence on Soviet assistance. Ethiopia now has fallen prey to this form of captive dependence. Coffee, Ethiopia's main export crop, is traded for Russian and Eastern European military wares and manufactured goods.

Some Western analysts counsel patience on the ground that the Soviets have worn out their welcome and suffered setbacks over time in other African countries. Egypt, Uganda, the Sudan, and Somalia are often cited as examples. These analysts further note that African countries ostensibly under Soviet influence continue to trade actively with the West. And it is true that an American-based multinational corporation such as Gulf Oil currently produces oil and develops new oil fields under the protection of the left-leaning Angolan government. The flaw in this laissez-faire approach to African policy is that Western economic aid plays directly into the hands of Soviet strategists. The Soviets are aware of their inherent shortcomings in fostering economic development in the third world. Their forte is bolstering authoritarian rule, not increasing GNP or the standard of living. Accordingly, the Soviets benefit when their African client states trade with the West and receive foreign exchange and development financing from Western donors. These funds can be applied to payment of the ever mounting debts generated by increased energy costs and the infusion of Soviet military and manufactured goods. The apparent indifference of the United States to this reality has led many Ethiopians to wonder if the United States simply has decided to cede Ethiopia to the Soviet sphere of influence.

US policy makers must look beyond the habitually ad hoc, short-term goals of American Africa policy and address the long-term interest of the great majority of Ethiopians in a political system that is not dependent on foreign domination. Although largely unnoticed by the outside world, Ethiopians currently are conducting armed struggles against the Dergue in 10 of the country's 14 provinces. In this respect, the Russians are now on the defensive. They are viewed as the guarantors of power for military rulers who have deviated from the goals of the Ethiopian people's revolution, and who have brutally repressed all the groups that have objected to the Dergue's obdurate refusal to allow civilian constituencies a meaningful role in the government.

The United States should deemphasize its efforts to temporize with the Dergue. Its future is tenuous because of its widespread unpopularity, and because it is necessarily tied to even greater Soviet dependence. Rather, the United States needs to be willing to identify and encourage leaders of the multiplicity of persecuted and disaffected Ethiopians inside and outside the country. There is also a pressing need to increase humanitarian aid to the hundreds of thousands of Ethiopian refugees condemned to lives of marginal existence in squalid camps throughout East Africa. At this time, there probably is no single individual or organization that can rally a unified opposition movement against the Dergue. Many concerned Ethiopians at home and abroad believe that, in the long run, the United States and other Western powers would, unlike the Soviets, be supportive of a political system in Ethiopia designed to accommodate the diversity of Ethiopian society. Nurturing the dialogue between the United States and Ethiopia's multifaceted opposition groups will be a protracted and painstaking process, but it offers the best promise of foiling the advance of Soviet interests in Ethiopia.

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Books and the Arts

Stanley Kauffmann on films

Old Whine in New Bottle

Robert Redford's story sense is under two kinds of cloud. The last film he starred in, *Brubaker*, was flat, and nothing he did could raise it. I've read that it's a success, but that's because *he's* a success; and how often can pitchers go to wells? Now another sort of bobble. For his first directing effort Redford has chosen a first novel called *Ordinary People* by Judith Guest and has had a screenplay written by Alvin Sargent who previously undistinguished himself with such things as *Paper Moon* and *Julia*. I don't, and won't, know Guest's novel. Sargent's screenplay is a long, trite wriggle, a tortuous series of family arguments and patch-ups, climaxes and partial resolutions, which reveal only that Redford is insufficiently aware of how this territory has been mined during the last 40 years in theater, film, and even TV. The title is presumably meant to be ironic, but the real irony is that it is not.

This family, a high school boy and his well-to-do parents, live in a Chicago suburb. The parents are having trouble with him; he is having trouble with them and with himself. Those flashbacks that seem ready on the shelf for re-use tell us that he and his older brother had been in a boating accident; that the brother was drowned; that this boy then tried to kill himself. As soon as I knew these facts, I started wondering why this boy, reasonably bright, didn't know he was in a script. He must have *seen* dozens of similar scripts, on different-size screens, and could certainly have written the one he is in.

Strophe after strophe clunks on. The boy is persuaded to go to a psychiatrist. (After the suicide attempt, he was in a mental hospital for a few months.) The doctor is brusque, unstuffy, "human." The boy-doctor relationship goes—yet again—through hostility to friendship, to a shock that tries the friendship, to reunion. The father and mother do their own trying of each other while this is in progress, and platitudes of guilt and love are whumped back and forth like soggy tennis balls. At last it's clear that mom loved the older, dead son more than the survivor and (I think this is it—it's close enough anyway) her refusal to love the younger boy more kills her husband's love for her. So she leaves. The two males are together at the end, apparently purged for the better.

The trouble with this ending is not anything so real as male chauvinism, it's the arbitrariness. The scriptwriter, or even the boy who's in the script could, with a brief scene or two, have changed it entirely, and a different ending wouldn't have seemed any more or less inevitable.

The subtlest effect, intentional or not, is the casting of Mary Tyler Moore as the mother. Moore has the kind of face that used to be cute when it was young, which is exactly right for the part, and her atmosphere—neat clothes and hair, lavender-scented lingerie, jokey birthday cards—fits and epitomizes her home and milieu. She is well groomed and sweetly self-centered. Timothy Hutton, son of the late Jim, is utterly credible as the boy, which is the most one can ask in the part. He's the second good teen-age actor to come along this summer, the first being Michael O'Keefe of *The Great Santini*. Donald Sutherland, who must have trouble remembering just which picture he's in at the moment, nevertheless gives the wanted warmth and softness to the father. Judd Hirsch, the psychiatrist, sounds—and affects me—like a barking dog.

What bothered me chiefly about Redford as director was that this very good actor, who has such good timing, didn't realize that so many scenes were dragging individually and that the *sum* of them was dragging, too. And that Hirsch, under his abrasiveness, is abrasive. Also, I didn't understand how Redford could let Moore and Sutherland, being the people they are, have a long loud fight on a golf course in front of others. Also, Redford begins a lot of sequences by dollying in slowly, a device that Truffaut uses at his weakest. On the whole, however, Redford shows, as other actors have shown, that an intelligent actor, in the course of time, can learn enough about filmmaking to direct adequately with the help of skilled colleagues.

What I don't understand is why that same experience didn't tell him that his material here is tired.

A mere nine years ago (September 25, 1971), reviewing a film called *Desperate Characters*, I ended by saying that a year which had produced two first films like that one and Barbara Loden's *Wanda*, as well as Peter Fonda's *The Hired Hand*, was "not the year to be despondent about the future of film in this country." This isn't the year to be despondent either, perhaps, but chiefly because it will soon be over. The reason I quote the line is as a reminder that Barbara Loden wrote, directed, and played the

Films Worth Seeing

Airplane! Surprisingly well-sustained spoof of airplane-disaster picture. A lot of gags, mostly raffish and sharp.

The Chant of Jimmie Blacksmith. Australia c. 1900. An abused half-caste runs amok. Not quite the tragedy it wants to be, but rich, large-scale, wonderfully acted.

The Great Santini. A good film about a father-son tussle is crudded up with interpolations and excesses, but it's still visible.

My Bodyguard. Another good film—about the terrorizing of a high school boy by fellow students—freighted with junk. Here the blotches are cutenesses about his family. But the boy's troubles are recognizably real.

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leading role in *Wanda* (reviewed March 27 of that year), that I've seen it several times since and I'm convinced that its neglect is our loss. *Wanda* is good by any criterion; it's even better when you consider that one person did all three prime jobs. And it's not yet irrelevant to mention that it's the best film I know by an American woman.

Barbara Loden died on September 5 last, at the age of 48. Can't that painful news spur somebody to show her film again? To help bring it some of the recognition it began to get (International Critics Award at Venice in 1970) but which dwindled away into nothing? *Wanda* is wasted, and we're not rich enough—who could be?—to spend so prodigally. As far as I can see, it's not even available for rental in 16mm, which is a shame. Young film people particularly could use its reaffirmation of possibility in film.

Which brings me to some letters I've received in response to my column of August 16, where I wrote about the condition of 16mm rental prints and also about filmmakers' efforts to get Kodak to improve its color film stock. A man who recently made a well-received feature documentary wrote:

> I share your dismay at the poor quality of many 16mm prints and the fugitive color of Kodak stock. Let me add a couple of facts. I chose a distributor [whom he names] with an excellent in-house film inspector-technician. . . . Most of the damage is caused by careless users . . . who treat casually the prints they own but do not rent. The cost of prints is high—$600 for each of mine. Small distributors operate on thin margins, and, for many, the choice may be old prints or none at all. Big distributors often will not handle the films you might want. . . .
>
> Kodak is probably hopeless as long as it has a near-monopoly.

Another filmmaker wrote about Kodak:

> A protest will do no good whatsoever. [So far he's right.] Independent filmmakers have been protesting to Kodak for years. . . . A Kodak technical rep told me a few years ago that . . . the bureaucracy at Kodak was so entrenched that they couldn't really handle anything like quality or research anyway.

A midwest theater manager wrote:

> Unfortunately, the problem even goes beyond what you described. My theater has received 35mm release prints so badly damaged that they were virtually unrunnable. . . . Although more foreign and older domestic films are being shown in this country than at any time previously, many distributors won't invest in adequate print supply. Most prints are shipped from one theater to another without regard to condition. . . . I've received first-run foreign films with 10 minutes missing. . . .

So much for our common assumption/myth that a film is a film is a film, now and forever, amen.

Michael Ullman on jazz

Recent Recordings: Bebop Lives!

According to Ross Russell's biography, Charlie Parker once rejected an offer to join Duke Ellington's band—characteristically, after asking Ellington for more than double the proposed salary of $350 a week. Parker may have respected Ellington's music, but he played little of it. (Discographies list only private recordings of "Caravan" and "Do Nothing Till You Hear From Me.") One wonders how Parker would have fit into the Ellington band, and whether he would have sat comfortably beside Johnny Hodges, whose milk and honey sound had been superseded by Parker's steely virtuosity.

Parker set new standards for jazz performances on all instruments. Those standards are still applied, at times mechanically, to young musicians today. "Can he play bebop?," jazz critics ask about Archie Shepp, Anthony Braxton, or still younger musicians. Which is a little like asking whether Picasso could draw a face like Rembrandt, a hand like Dürer, or perhaps a figure like Rubens: though the questions are intriguing, the answers would be inconclusive. Cecil Taylor is a virtuoso instrumentalist, Anthony Braxton is not, but both make interesting music for which we should be thankful. Neither should be judged a failed bebopper, any more than Dizzy Gillespie should be condemned for his relatively thin tone. (He played fast because he couldn't play pretty.)

Musicians coming up in the 1960s and 1970s may have rejected bebop temporarily, some in fact may have difficulty playing it, but that says little about the music they do make, which must be judged on its own qualities. Those qualities bring some "new" jazz musicians closer to the orchestral tradition of Ellington and Charles Mingus than to the beboppers. Ellington and Mingus were masters of musical textures, what Debussy called "the alchemy of sound"; each introduced unconventional sounds—a foghorn, train whistle, or miscellaneous jungle noises—into his pieces; and each has earned ungrudging tributes from the jazz avant-garde. This year the Newport in New York Festival included a concert entitled "The New Music Salutes Duke Ellington," and the new music has saluted Ellington and Mingus on record too.

The highlight of the latest recording by the Art Ensemble of Chicago (*Full Force*, ECM-1-1167) is Lester Bowie's jaunty minor theme "Charlie M," a whistleable tune which catches much of Mingus's melodic appeal, while Malachi Favor's strong 4/4 bass line suggests Mingus's rhythmic energy. Trumpeter Bowie growls and grumbles through his statement of the first part of the theme, and jumps nimbly over the wider intervals of its second phrase. Other pieces document the ensemble's interest in miscellaneous percussion sounds. Although their slow motion, out-of-tempo stretches may not be to everyone's taste, they remain zestful, witty performers. *Full Force* is one of the best albums they have produced in their more than 10 years together.

There is a persistent, undocumented rumor that saxophonist Archie Shepp has been trying—and presumably failing—to learn bebop for years; on the other hand, few people who have heard him play "In a Sentimental Mood" or "Sophisticated Lady" deny that his sensuous, almost leering tenor sound is appropriate to Ellington. Most of his recorded ballads are currently out of print, but on *Goin' Home* (Steeplechase SCS-1079), accompanied only by pianist Horace Parlan, Shepp reverently applies his ballad style to an even more basic form: the spiritual. Although the hushed atmosphere of their performances seems more appropriate to a cathedral than to a sanctified church, neither Parlan nor Shepp condescends to their material either by playing "Amazing Grace" perfunctorily or by using the slick arrangements that de-

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stroy the credibility of spirituals sung by Shirley Verrett or Leontyne Price.

That bebop remains a compelling modern idiom is demonstrated, not by critics' complaints about newer styles, but by playing such as that on *I Remember Bebop* (Columbia C2 35381), a recording that features eight pianists' tributes to original bebop stars and compositions: Al Haig to Dizzy Gillespie, Barry Harris to Thelonious Monk, Tommy Flanagan to Bud Powell, Walter Bishop and Sadik Hakim to Charlie Parker, Duke Jordan to Tadd Dameron, Jimmie Rowles to the Miles Davis Nonet, and John Lewis to himself. Lewis plays two recent compositions as well as his familiar "Django" and "Afternoon in Paris." The others revivify bebop classics. The placidity of most of his recent recordings makes especially welcome Al Haig's enthusiastic "Night in Tunisia" and "Salt Peanuts." Tommy Flanagan has always kept bebop in his repertoire: here he inventively takes Bud Powell's tunes at a faster tempo than did their composer, without losing control. A pianist with exquisite control of the tones of his instrument, Barry Harris may seem an odd choice to evoke Thelonious Monk's brittle dissonances, but he is successful at adapting Monk's compositions and some of his mannerisms to his own style. Duke Jordan interprets in his curt phrases Tadd Dameron's "Lady Bird" and the exotic "Casbah." Jimmie Rowles is subtle and amusing while performing three compositions by Gerry Mulligan and George Wallington—arranged by Mulligan for the Miles Davis Nonet. In fact, only the fragmented playing of Sadik Hakim is disappointing in this unusual album. Bebop lives!

And it lives in strange places. This spring Catalonian pianist Tete Montoliu visited the United States. A gifted bebopper with something of Oscar Peterson's facility and Bud Powell's force, the Spaniard has worked with Dexter Gordon, Don Byas, and Roland Kirk, and recorded with Anthony Braxton. While he has mastered difficult bebop classics, Montoliu is most valuable for the new material he brings to the music: artfully arranged Catalonian folk songs and dances, such as those in the "Catalan Suite" of *Tête à Tête* (Steeplechase SCS 1054) or on *Catalonian Folksongs* (Muse TI 304).

Roland Hanna Plays the Music of Alec Wilder (Inner City 1072) is the gem of a series of records produced by singer Helen Merrill. Co-leader of the New York Jazz Quartet, Hanna is best known for his long stay with the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Band. His own compositions, with titles like "Treasures Lost" and "Mediterranean Seascape," tend to be wispy pieces too clearly influenced by impressionistic classical composers. Wilder's romanticism is more substantial, and Hanna expertly floats the Wilder favorites "I'll Be Around" and "It's So Peaceful in the Country." He also illuminates lesser known but equally interesting pieces, such as the bluesy "Mimosa and Me." In a chaste performance, Helen Merrill reminisces with "Sounds Around the House," a song snugly fitted to the singer's limited technical range. Hanna's accompaniment to his producer's vocal is full-bodied, deft, and tasteful.

photo of Archie Shepp by Michael Ullman

In the Benny Goodman band of the 1930s, Jess Stacy was more often seen than heard. He was a striking pianist who, in his famous choruses during the 1938 "Sing Sing Sing" or on "The World is Waiting for the Sunrise" (recorded for Paramount in 1935), created a hushed tension, understated and swinging, that could take one's breath away. After a Carnegie Hall performance in 1974, Stacy recorded several albums for Chiaroscuro that unfortunately showed some decline in his technique. Now Commodore/CBS has reissued his outstanding solo cuts from the late 1930s as well as some solo, duet, and trio works from the 1940s. The 1940s works include some previously unissued recordings (*Jess Stacy and Friends*, Commodore XFL 15358). Stacy's friends include singer Lee Wiley and saxophonist Bud Freeman. This reissue should remind listeners of the drive and charm of his improvisations.

I have written previously in these pages about Ran Blake, the extraordinary pianist who is the head of the Third Stream Department of the New England Conservatory. His new album, *Film Noir* (Arista AN 3019), includes lively but scrupulous reinterpretations of film music from such sources as *All About Eve* and *The Pawnbroker* as well as Blake compositions evoking the darkly flamboyant spirit of Fritz Lang or Claude

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Chabrol. Blake makes unique uses of his material and of his instrumentation: the eerie train sound that opens "Streetcar Named Desire" is made by an overblown saxophone and a tremulous electric guitar playing over the shuffle of Jon Hazilla's brushed snare drum. Despite its ominous title, *Film Noir* is Blake's most lyrical, accessible album. While waiting for the next Jim Hall album, young guitarists would do well to pick up Cal Collins's *By Myself* (Concord Jazz 119), impressive for the intensity of Collins's performances, even on such uncompromising material as "Sunrise, Sunset." Collins is not afraid of a country twang or a bent note: his playing is appealing, but has guts too. Too many jazz guitarists are either emptily virtuosic or prissy—they play as if they were worried about being confused with rock, blues, or folk musicians. Collins doesn't need to worry. He makes jazz guitar sound like fun.

Nuclear Nightmares: An Investigation into Possible Wars by Nigel Calder

(Viking; $10.95)

It has been a more than usually bad summer in England, a succession of cold and overcast days which must make the American tourist, pitting his dollars against the strong pound and hotel bills which even the natives find ruinous, wonder whether his visit has been worth the journey. It will add to his discomfiture to discover that he is to blame for having brought his weather with him, for the local forecasters have firmly established in British minds the idea that their miserable June and July were caused by the Mount St. Helens eruption. Transatlantic winds, carrying volcanic ash at stratospheric altitudes, are alleged to have upset the climatic mechanisms which grant the British whatever modicum of sustained sunshine they normally enjoy; and the spectacle of some unnaturally brilliant sunsets has been no real compensation.

Still, as a few specialist commentators have pointed out, there is more to Mount St. Helens than mere meteorological significance. For what the eruption apparently achieved was nothing less than the simulation of a nuclear groundburst in the megaton range. And if the mind will transfer the effect to a populated zone and invest the fallout with radioactive properties, an all too clear picture will be formed of what the results of a single strategic missile impact would be. The imaginative effort ought not to stop there. For the United States possesses, by official admission, 9,000 warheads of megaton power, and the Soviet Union as many or more; and each side has the means to deliver at least 2,000 in a single strike, even if the carriers are not equipped with multiple warheads. But nowadays many are: the unratified SALT II treaty would have allowed 1,300 of the 2,250 launch vehicles permitted to each side to be multiple carriers. The latest model can mount 14 warheads; and apparently there is no technical impediment to a future missile mounting 100.

If the mental connection between Mount St. Helens and these figures is not one which even the best-informed and most hard-headed layman would be inclined to make, that is because over the last 20 years the thinking population on both sides of the Atlantic has been happy to accept the logic of "second-strike deterrence," otherwise known as "mutually assured destruction." And understandably enough; for if there were not some soothing argument to explain that the opposing missile armories effectively canceled each other out—and that is what "second-strike" theory states—most of us would have worried ourselves into millenarian inactivity long ago. As it is, we read the statistics of growing megatonnage at the same breakfast table over which we discuss home improvements with our spouse—by which neither of us means turning the cellar into a fallout shelter.

Not, perhaps, until this year, when the sale of fallout shelters suddenly has taken a dramatic upturn. Why that should be, few of the purchasers could probably explain, except in terms of a feeling that the world has suddenly become a more dangerous place—meaning that ayatollahs, costly gas, and Russian tanks in Afghanistan are not features of the environment with which they feel comfortable. But now comes a book by the redoubtable Nigel Calder which sets out to give body to those unformulated fears and trace them to their points of origin. And they turn out, by his analysis, to have very little to do with ayatollahs at all. "My justification for writing this book," he warns, "and inviting civilians to taint their lives by learning about nuclear war, is that the outloook at the start of the 1980s is quite surprisingly grim. The risk of a holocaust is growing with every year that passes, and whether we shall avoid it between now and the 1990s is at least questionable." For Nigel Calder suspects (and recent headlines would seem to bear out his suspicion) that second-strike deterrence has run its comfortable course and that something very much nastier now occupies the minds of war planners on either side of the great world divide.

This is a suspicion to which readers of the specialist journals have been privy for some time; it underlies the great argument about the MX missile which has transfixed congressional defense committee meetings in the last two years. But because the language in which it is debated is abstruse, so far it has not percolated into the general awareness. Calder's particular and enviable talent is for turning abstruse technicalities into everyday language, without damage to the subtlety of the specialists' language. He demonstrates it once again here and, after reading the book, no layman will be able to take refuge in the comforting belief that he doesn't understand the issues. He will have a clear picture of the forces available to the superpowers, their satellites, and the secondary nuclear powers, the means by which they are controlled, and the most likely ways in which—intentionally or otherwise—they might be brought into action.

Those ways, in Calder's view, are four. The first, and that probably best appreciated by laymen, is via "proliferation": the acquisition of nuclear weapons by powers smaller than at present possess them and which are likely to prove either "unskilled in the rituals that translate the inhibitions of strategic logic into practical prohibitions" or just bloodyminded enough to use the things anyhow for selfish, stupid, or last-ditch reasons. Because this danger is already widely grasped, it is the one on which the author spends least time; but he concludes chillingly by categoriz-

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FOUR LECTURES BY ROBERT LOWELL

On "Repose of Rivers" by Hart Crane

"What's the plot?
The Mississippi flowing to the sea,
And Crane going from childhood to death.
. . . One of his clearest and his greatest poems,
Much quieter than the other we just read.
The river speaks the poem;
The river's washing out to sea
Like your own life—the river's doomed,
All childhood memories, washing out to sea
To find repose. The sapphire's the sea,
Remorseless, sinister, hard, and the end
Of things. . . . Beautiful image. Angels might
Flake sapphire—that might be one of their jobs. . . .
He's taunting you with paradise.
The willows do hold steady sound, and yet
They don't; the sea's fulfillment of a kind,
The end of life. . . . Don't read this just as death-wish;
Crane was unusually full of life."

On "The Yachts" by William Carlos Williams

"This starts as terza rima; here his lines
Are much longer than usual. . . . very few poems
Attempt a narrative—you have to do
It plainly, like a sports reporter would.
Is it a satire, against yachts? Or are
They made quite beautiful? What's horrible
About the race, the competition?
(I think he must have watched basketball games.)
The yachts here could be women . . . thoroughbreds . . .
Anything beautiful trampling over all
It doesn't notice. Beauty's terrible,
Expensive, skilfull. . . . Very beautiful
Careful description. . . . 'arms' —they're desperate—
Greeks when they sank a ship mowed the survivors
Down, or speared them; the yachts just pass over . . .
Seems supernatural, doesn't it?
These two
Extremes of writing, Williams, Crane—do you
Imagine Crane was maddened by this stuff?
He rather liked it, though. Crane could never
Describe a yacht . . . and Williams thought
He was all rhetoric.
Two modernists:
Williams was breaking old metrical forms,
And using new material; Crane had read
Rimbaud, brought thunder and obscurity."

On "Out of the Cradle Endlessly Rocking" by Walt Whitman

". . . Most operatic thing he ever wrote,
A tour de force . . . probably about something. . . .
What?—I mean personal. Two thrushes; one dies . . .
Imagine someone Whitman was in love with,
Lost. The beginning's all one sentence, highly
Organized musically, but loose writing,
As Whitman practiced. Tempting to scan; you can't.
The cradle is the sea . . . it's very odd,
Original without one's knowing why.
If you want to say these things, it's falling rhythm.
The ostensible sorrow is the boy
Discovering death, desertion. . . . (I'd
Be talking through my hat, if I had one on.)
. . . And often rhythmical musical things
Aren't good, they're padding for not feeling. What
Prevents that here? —It's awfully eloquent
Wherever you pick it up. . . . 'From such as now
they start the scene revisiting' —this has
A tender Pindaric grandeur. . . . (I don't know
If you can say that). . . . It's about a child . . .
That's not a Whitman subject, childhood.
His saddest poem in some ways. Hard to think
That birds meant very much to him. . . ."

On "Goodbye My Fancy" by Walt Whitman

"'Goodbye My Fancy' he intended as
His last poem. . . . you're too sick to write your last
Poem, when the time comes. . . . Clear and elegant—
Except for some of the language, and the meter,
It could be seventeenth-century. . . .
Your eyes water, reading it."

Elise Tompkins

ing it as "the least unlikely route to nuclear war." Less likely, but more blameworthy, is through the "escalation" (we all know that word) of a European crisis. And here the danger he identifies is that of a "mismatch" between NATO and Soviet doctrine. NATO's provides for the "controlled" use of tactical nuclear weapons against targets within the Central European battlefield, should the conventional defense of the line look like it's collapsing, as a means of both checking a Soviet advance and warning the Russians of worse to come should they persist. Soviet doctrine, on the other hand, regards any use of nuclear weapons as a signal that the gloves are off and as justification for the deluging of the whole Western European area with perhaps 2,000 high-yield warheads which would kill 150 million people (about half the population of the Common Market).

That would be Europe's fault, in part, Calder alleges, "for choosing neither to be good soldiers nor to make peace with their communist neighbours," luxury policies in which they have felt safe to indulge because of the certainty that a nuclear war in Europe, however "tactical," would prompt the Americans to launch strategic strikes against the ter-

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ritory of the Soviet Union; or rather, that Soviet fears of such an outcome would inhibit them from risking military action in Europe in the first place. All such calculations, however, have rested upon the logic of second-strike deterrence. And Calder suggests good reason for holding that that logic no longer applies. His principal reason is that it was always a logic of scarcity, a scarcity first of warheads and then of delivery vehicles. Such scarcity insisted that one might use one's available weapons either to attack the enemy's weapons or his cities, but not both; and the whip hand clearly rested with the side that held its fire. For if the enemy fired first at one's cities, he must expect a similar strike in return. But if he fired instead at one's weapons, he could not be certain of destroying them all, and so would expose himself to a return strike at his cities anyhow. The superpowers have now, alas, left the age of scarcity in superweapons behind and have entered that of abundance, in which a superpower may very well be able to destroy an opponent's weapons at their launch-places and still leave the attacker with a surplus in hand. That being the case, the victim of a nuclear attack must now consider whether his punitive second strike is a choice he wishes to invoke; or whether he would not indeed prefer to overlook the assault (and its implied threat of a third strike) and sue for peace with his—but also, of course, the enemy's—cities intact.

If second-strike deterrence still has any force—and it has not lost it all—it is chiefly due to the risk that the victim may "fire on warning," that is, on the receipt of signals that an attack is under way but before it has arrived. Time for the decision would, however, be very short, shorter even than the half-hour flight time of the intercontinental missiles. And it is via neurosis over the safeguarding of that interval that Calder foresees the third way in which a nuclear war might arise. The precious half-hour (or 20 minutes) is assured by an elaborate system of radar screens, earthbound and airborne, now supplemented by satellite scanners. Of the two, the satellites recently have become the more important, and both superpowers are therefore hypersensitive to technical developments—currently in laser and particle-beam weapons—which threaten to interfere with those earth-circling early-warning stations. "As a result," Calder warns, "any actual or imagined interference with these 'fences' may itself provoke war, thus compromising the very safety they are designed to safeguard." Nevertheless, he goes on, in describing the fourth route to nuclear war, a really tough-minded nuclear warrior might be ready to gamble with the indecision likely to prevail during the half-hour and deliberately decapitate the command structure of the other side by selective strikes against its political and military headquarters. It is only a crumb of comfort that he concludes that such an attempt would be likely to trigger an automatic retaliatory strike against the aggressor, which the surviving authority in the stricken superpower might be unable to forbid. Submarine missile ships, at present regarded as the "deterrent of last resort," may be programmed so to react in a communication blackout of any duration; and Calder has been informed that it is the mission of at least two Minuteman missiles to order the launching of the rest in the event of a Soviet attack which devastates both Washington and the Strategic Air Command headquarters.

Calder catalogs none of these grisly eventualities in a mere reportorial spirit. On the contrary, he has a very proper concern to suggest ways in which all of his four nightmares might be prevented from coming about. He argues implicitly throughout, and explicitly in places, that a major step away from danger would be to get Western Europeans to make the financial and personal sacrifices necessary to build the sorts of armies which would threaten the Russians with defeat by conventional means should they risk an invasion across the Iron Curtain. And, given all the rhetorical enthusiasm for the "European Idea," in its political and economic form, together with the very real increase in wealth that integration has brought in the last 20 years—making the Nine jointly richer than either the Soviet Union or the United States—one is indeed compelled to wonder how long European governments can continue, with any conscience or credibility, to use the Soviet threat as a means of extorting military protection from the Americans. Should they be driven eventually to devote to military purposes a larger proportion of their GNP and their male citizens' early youth, and always provided that they were able to

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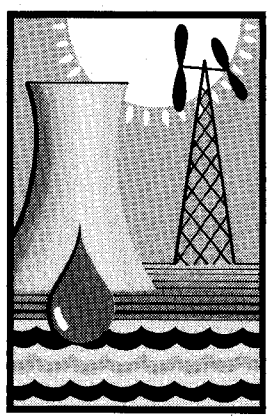

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convince the Russians that the end was truly defensive, they might thereby help to make the world a safer place.

Proliferation is, in the author's view, a problem which the superpowers still could solve between themselves, by forbidding nuclear testing of any sort and making life impossible for states that broke the ban. But the direct competition between them, expressed in the missile and electronic arms race, is more difficult to contain. There is no relief for either, he believes, in the hope that an ultimately invulnerable deterrent system will be developed by scientists. The age-old battle of offense versus defense, which nuclear weapons were believed to have abolished, has resumed and henceforth will get more expensive and more dangerous. It might, however, be brought to a stop, he suggests, if the two sides could agree to abolish or strictly limit their test-firings of missiles. The analogy with the nuclear test ban is encouraging; and, as he points out, missiles that are not regularly tested become progressively dubious instruments of offense, particularly to those contemplating the act.

Inevitably his conclusion has a utopian ring. But what appeal against the apparently inexorable tightening of the nuclear collar around all our throats has not? At least critics will not be able to accuse him of mere hand-wringing. He knows the facts almost as well as those whose daily round it is to deal with them. He has concrete suggestions to make for setting limits on a trend which no sane person can wish to see continue. As we sit indoors on these fall evenings there is no better way we could occupy ourselves than by reflecting on what he has to say and then—for want of any more direct way of making ourselves heard—praying that his book will sell in millions. It would be a good beginning to turn it into a *samizdat*.

John Keegan

John Keegan teaches at the Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst, and is the author of *The Face of Battle* (Viking).

Ancient Slavery and Modern Ideology by M. I. Finley

(Viking; $13.95)

In 1939 Louis MacNeice, then professor of Greek at the University of London, wrote in his *Autumn Journal* what turned out to be a definitive farewell to his career as, to quote his own words, "impresario of the ancient Greeks." In the ninth section he ended a brilliant and witty catalog of those aspects of ancient Greek life he could never hope to understand with the lines:

> And how one can imagine oneself among them
> I do not know;
> It was all so unimaginably different
> And all so long ago.

In the list of exotic phenomena which drove him to this melancholy conclusion, the final item, singled out by its position and elegant metrical phrasing, consisted of the words: "and lastly/I think of the slaves."

Most of the scholars and teachers whose talents have been invested in what has been called the Associated Bank of Greece and Rome try not to think of the slaves or to do so as little as possible. The great Wilamowitz-Moellendorf, as M. I. Finley points out, devotes one paragraph and a few scattered phrases to the subject in his *Greek State and Society* (214 large pages in the German edition); in the index to Werner Jaeger's three-volume survey of Greek civilization, *Paideia*, the word "slave" is conspicuous by its absence. But slavery is not a matter that can be swept under the rug. Reliable figures for ancient population are nonexistent but modern estimates of the proportion of free to slave in Sophocles's Attica range from one to one to one to four. Finley squarely (and rightly) rebuts any attempt to wish the consequences away: ". . . there was no action or belief or institution in Graeco-Roman antiquity," he says in the remarkable first chapter from which the book takes its title, "that was not in one way or the other affected by the possibility that someone involved *might* be a slave."

His first chapter, a penetrating and occasionally acerbic survey of modern treatments of the subject since the 18th century, may initially daunt the reader not versed in the intricacies of ancient historiography, but perseverance will be richly rewarded. Modern ideologies, as Finley brings out clearly in his selective, brilliantly organized review, have been at play in every approach to the problem. "The matter of the relationship between Christianity and slavery," for example, was ground fiercely contested for many years, with the battle lines going now this way, now that; this is, as Finley says, "a prime example of what happens when the past is summoned as a witness in a moral or theological disputation." By 1875 it had become a dogma (it is still a popular belief) that the early church was opposed to slavery and in spite of the careful refutation of this theory by Millar in the 18th, Overbeek in the 19th, and Westermann in the early 20th century, Joseph Vogt, the director of a large-scale research program into ancient slavery organized at Mainz in 1951, holds to the dogma of fundamental opposition by Christianity from the outset. He does so in the teeth of the evidence; Finley cites only two telling items—the series of papal and conciliar rulings from as late as the fifth century restricting and even forbidding the manumission of slaves who were the property of the church or of clerics and an inscribed bronze slave collar, discovered in Sardinia, naming the owner as Felix the archdeacon.

This is not the only failing of Vogt and the school of Mainz; the 10 pages in which their shortcomings are dealt with is in fact what the whole chapter has been leading up to. (Along the way the great Eduard Meyer, cited by Vogt as his authority and generally regarded as little less than a god by ancient historians, is criticized in detail and then disposed of in a sentence which begins: "In sum, Meyer's lecture on ancient slavery is as close to nonsense as anything I can remember written by a historian of such eminence. . . .") Of the two views of the historical process Finley outlines at the beginning of the chapter, Vogt adopts the "moral or spiritual" rather than the "sociological." Like Wilamowitz and Jaeger, he considers the Greek achievement a miraculous creation for which slavery and its attendant loss of humanity were part of the sacrifice which had to be paid. Wilamowitz and Jaeger turned their Olympian backs on

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the realities of the sacrifice but Vogt insists it must be faced; "human society must be portrayed as it really is without concealing or extenuating its negative aspects." On examination, Finley sarcastically remarks, "human society as it was turns out to be not all that bad"; the whole exercise, he concludes, is a "kind of 'saving the phenomena,' rescuing 'classical humanism' by certain concessions."

It also, and here Finley's ideological preoccupations emerge clearly, involved a large-scale attack on the Marxist approach to the problem—a facet of the bitter hostility between the two Germanies. Finley's indictment of the Mainz school on this point is overwhelming; most of their anti-Marxist polemics are aimed at straw men—"absurdities in Soviet writing on the subject between 1933 and 1953," for example. A product of the school which deals directly with the subject, Backhaus's *Marx, Engels und die Sklaverei* (1974), starts with a quotation from Stalin and goes on to produce what Finley calls "a caricature of the current situation in Marxist thinking." It entirely ignores the Marxist work on the ancient world which has been "appearing in the West at an accelerated rate" and which is for the most part, "groping, tentative and mutually polemical."

Finley's own analysis, organized in three chapters headed "The Emergence of a Slave Society," "Slavery and Humanity," and "The Decline of Ancient Slavery," does not claim to be Marxist itself but clearly owes much to Marxist thinking; his emphasis throughout is on the ancient economy and the nature and organization of its labor force. The prose, however, owes nothing, mercifully, to Marxist writing—Finley does not take refuge in technical jargon and his categories and concepts are lucidly defined. In the spare but flowing style and with the logical economy his readers have come to expect of him, Finley proceeds to conduct, in a little more than 70 pages, a searching examination of the questions raised by that slave system which formed the base of Greco-Roman civilization.

There have been only five genuine slave societies, two of them in antiquity (classical Greece and classical Italy), three in the New World (United States, the Caribbean, and Brazil). One of the problems faced by ancient historians is the paucity of the evidence and the enigmatic nature of much of what does exist, but no solutions can be expected from the comparative method; the differences are so great that the New World cannot be brought in to explain the riddles of the Old. Finley does indeed adduce a fascinating modern parallel (Captain Cudjoe and his Marroons on Jamaica), which serves to validate Athenaeus's account (usually dismissed as fiction) of the activities of the rebel slave leader Drimachus on Chios, but this is exceptional. One obvious and decisive difference is that ancient slaves, though foreign, were for the most part not colored; consequently, the children of emancipated slaves could climb the social ladder with no telltale sign of their origin. This was especially true in Rome, where manumitted slaves became full citizens. The poet Horace, whose position in Augustan society was so secure that he was asked to become the private secretary of the emperor Augustus and could decline the honor without losing the emperor's friendship, was the son of a man who had started life as a slave.

On Finley's first problem, the origins of the slave system, the reason why "something new and wholly original in world history" was established first in Greece and Italy, the New World experience throws no light; the vast quantities of available land, the absence of a sufficient native labor force, and the

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availability of highly desirable export crops are factors missing in the Mediterranean situation. After a careful definition of slavery (distinguishing it from other forms of non-voluntary labor which existed all over the ancient world) Finley rejects the popular theory that "war and conquest" were "a necessary condition for the creation of a slave society." He points out that there is solid evidence for the "growth of slavery . . . in Rome" considerably earlier than the last two centuries before Christ, the great ages of conquest and mass enslavement. "The demand for slaves," Finley concludes, "precedes the supply." And he lists three necessary conditions for the existence of that demand: an economy predominantly agrarian, the land held as private property in units large enough to require extra-familial labor; a sufficient development of commodity production and markets (imported slaves have to be paid for); and unavailability of internal labor supply. Admitting that the Roman evidence is not decisive, Finley explores the situation of sixth-century Athens, where, after the Solonian reforms which abolished prevailing forms of involuntary labor (debt bondage, for example), all three of his preliminary conditions are to be found. "The free man," he says,

> was one who neither lived under the constraint of nor was employed for the benefit of another: who lived preferably on his ancestral plot of land, with its shrines and ancestral tombs. The creation of that type of free man in a low-technology pre-industrial world led to the establishment of a slave society. There was no realistic alternative.

He does not of course mean to imply (in fact he explicitly denies) that the predominance of slave labor was the result of deliberate choice; he posits only "general acquiescence in the shift to slave labor." In his last chapter, on the gradual dissolution of the system, he is equally anxious to avoid giving the impression that there was a "thought-out change in policy." What took place in the late centuries of the Roman empire was rather

> a slow process of shifting practices, locality by locality. . . . Only later, centuries later, did it become evident that the labor regime had been undergoing a basic transformation, specifically in those central regions that had long been genuine slave societies.

The process which ended in the replacement of a slave-based by a feudal society was in fact probably not complete, as Marc Bloch argued and Finley agrees, until the time of Charlemagne.

His analysis of the process—"a slow quantitative decline in slaves . . . a change over . . . in the status and organization of labor"—begins by dismissing some of the conventional explanations, Stoic or Christian influence, for example, and, more important, the same "conquest" theory which has been used to explain the origin of slavery, this time in reverse. Finley has only to point out that most of the Roman conquests were completed by the death of Augustus in AD 14; if the theory is correct, the supposed deficiency in the supply of slaves should have shown up centuries earlier than it did. In any case, systematic slave breeding was a sufficient substitute for foreign sources, as the American southern states found out in the early 19th century, when the slave trade was formally prohibited. The reasons for the fact that "in the late Empire, on the whole, the employers of labor were not successful in maintaining a sufficient complement of slave labor" must lie, Finley concludes, within the society itself.

His attempt to explain this phenomenon is, as he says himself, speculative and tentative, as it must be in view of "the extraordinary difficulty of the enterprise." He takes up, each in turn, the three conditions he isolated as necessary for the establishment of a slave system to see if there were changes in one or more of them. Changes there certainly were. Private ownership of land continued, but with a steady trend toward more middle-sized and large estates at the expense of free small landholders. This, Finley concludes, is not of itself sufficient to explain the decline in the predominance of slave labor, but his second prerequisite, commodity production and markets, is more helpful. He believes the evidence shows that over the empire as a whole there was a significant decline in commodity production; he attributes this to an accelerated expansion of the "practice of payments in kind to (and by) the state," the flight of the wealthy from the cities, and a decline in the urban population in general. However, he is on controversial ground here and he moves with more confidence to condition three, the absence of an internal supply of free labor. He argues that the most decisive factor in the gradual replacement of slave labor was "the fundamental change in the political-military structure." The Augustan imperial system, with its professional armies, relieved the citizen small farmer of the burden of military service, but at the same time deprived him of his only effective leverage against the state. Over the centuries of imperial administration, with, as the situation at the frontiers grew more serious, increasing taxation, the pressure on the sector that was economically and politically weak increased. The result, in Finley's careful formula, was "a gradual erosion in the capacity of the lower classes to resist working for the benefit of others under conditions less than full 'freedom of contract.'" In the late centuries of the empire, to the already existing slave system and the forms of dependent agricultural labor inherited by the Romans in territories taken over in the East, there was added a significant new element, as "the status of many once free rural people—peasants, tenants, agricultural laborers —was steadily being depressed into one of dependency, of 'unfreedom.'" The word *colonus*, as he points out, began by meaning "farmer," came to mean "tenant-farmer," and was defined in the early fourth century as "slave of the land." The world of late antiquity, despite the continued presence of slaves in large numbers, was no longer a slave society.

In his third chapter, as its title indicates, Finley discusses the matter not as an economic but as a human problem. One reason our sources are so unsatisfactory is that to the ancient writers on whom we depend for information, slavery was such a fact of everyday life that it seemed perfectly natural, as indeed Aristotle said it was, and so not a matter for discussion or investigation. Classical humanists therefore have found it not too difficult to ignore or discount the unpleasant realities of ancient slavery; in this chapter Finley pulls the skeleton out of the classical cupboard and takes a good look at it. It is not a pretty sight. Slaves were subject to an indignity no free man endured—corporal punishment. They were, to quote Demosthenes, "answerable with their bodies for all offenses." Their evidence in court could be accepted only if extracted under torture; they were available, without restrictions, for the sexual pleasure of their owners. They were liable to be

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sold and so separated from their families, which were, of course, the property of their masters. Those slaves employed in the mines were worse off still; anyone who has tried to crawl through the narrow tunnels cut in hard rock at Laurion, the ancient Athenian silver mines, realizes that for the 1,000 slaves leased to the city as miners by Nicias, the great Athenian aristocrat of the late fifth century, life must have been brutal and mercifully short. Our sources preserve many individual incidents which illustrate the magnanimity of masters or the loyalty of slaves; they are irrelevant not only because the literature represents "the views and hopes of the owning classes" but also because, as Finley rightly points out, there is a distinction between "more or less humane treatment of individual slaves . . . and the inhumanity of slavery as an institution." Sometimes he presses the evidence a little too far, in the matter of slave evidence and torture, for example. It was standard practice in an Athenian lawsuit to make a point of the fact that you were willing to hand over your slaves for torture to the other party or of the fact that the other party refused to do so. We have no hard evidence, however, that testimony normally was extracted in such fashion; most scholars assume it was an exceptional practice, but Finley (pointing out that in Rome there is evidence for it) assumes the opposite. But it seems like a double-edged weapon (if I can torture evidence against you out of your slaves you may retaliate in kind) and it would certainly result in damage to property. It seems more likely that the purpose of the law was to rule out slave testimony altogether; if a man's slaves could bear witness against him in court, few masters would sleep sound of nights. Yet in the main Finley is on solid ground: the realities of slavery were appalling and he could have cited much more shocking evidence than he saw fit to print. Those of us who assume the role of impresario of the ancient Greeks must not attempt to suppress the truth about the foundations on which the most influential of Western civilizations was built.

That does not mean that we have to abandon it. It is a strange paradox that the Greeks, who first developed the idea of individual and political freedom, denied any such freedom to a huge population which performed the menial tasks of their society. But that does not detract in the least from the stature of Pericles's funeral speech as the original and perhaps the noblest and most humane statement of the democratic ideal. Anyone who thinks it does should remember the slave families owned by the author of the Declaration of Independence.

Bernard Knox

Bernard Knox is director of Harvard's Center for Hellenic Studies in Washington, DC.

Italian Folktales
by Italo Calvino
translated by George Martin

(Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $25)

Prowling among dictionaries, I discovered that the word "fairy" is *fata* in Italian and that it derives, like the word "fate," from a Latin verb *fari*, to speak. Fate is "that which is spoken." The Fates which presided over human life dwindled away to fairies, fairy godmothers, inhabitants of fairy tales.

The English world "fable," Italian *fiaba* or *favola*, a story, "a narrative or statement not founded on fact" as the *Shorter Oxford* puts it, descends from the Latin *fabula*, which derives from that same verb *fari*, to speak. To speak is to tell tales.

The predestined spindle has pricked her thumb; here lies the Sleeping Beauty in the silent castle. The prince arrives. He kisses her. Nothing happens.

So the prince comes back again next day, and the next day too, and his love is

> so intense that the sleeping maiden gave birth to twins, a boy and a girl, and you never saw two more beautiful children in your life. They came into the world hungry, but who was to nurse them if their mamma lay there like a dead woman? They cried and cried, but their mother didn't hear them. With their tiny mouths they began seeking something to suck on, and that way the boy child happened to find his mother's hand and began sucking on the thumb. With all that sucking, the spindle tip lodged under the nail came out, and the sleeper awakened. 'Oh, me, how I've slept!' she said, rubbing her eyes.

The two children are named Sun and Moon, and Sleeping Beauty's mother-in-law tries to have them served up stewed for the prince's supper, but he hears the silver bells sewn on his wife's seven skirts ringing, and saves everybody—except the mother-in-law—and they live happily ever after, in Calabria.

To find the moral, the message, the meaning of a folktale, to describe its "uses," even so circuitously as Bruno Bettelheim has done, is a risky business; it is like stating the meaning of a fish, the uses of a cat. The thing you are talking about is alive. It changes and is never quite what you thought it was, or ought to be.

One of the innumerable delights of *Italian Folktales* is its mixture of the deeply familiar with the totally unexpected.

Most of the basic "story-types," of which Calvino says there are about 50 represented here, are more or less familiar to members of the English folk/literary tradition. The themes that recur in all Western folktales run through these; we meet the youngest son of the king, the wicked stepmother, the stupid giant, the helpful animals,

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the magic boots, the house of the winds, the well that leads to another world: people and places we all recognize, archetypal forms of our perception of life, according to Jung, embodiments of ideas as basic to our subjective existence as the ideas of extension, right/left, reversal, are to our existence in space. But the recombinations of these themes mostly are not familiar. This is much more than Cinderella served up with *salsa di pomodoro*. The tales are endlessly surprising. And their mood is quite different from the elegance of the French *contes*, the iconic spendors of Russian *skazki*, the forest darknesses of German *Märchen*. Often they resemble British tales of the Joseph Jacobs collections in their dry and zany humor, but they have more sunlight in them. Some are wonderfully beautiful. "The natural cruelties of the folktale give way to the rules of harmony," as Calvino says in his introduction:

> Although the notion of cruelty persists along with an injustice bordering on inhumanity as part of the constant stuff of stories, although the woods forever echo with the weeping of maidens or of forsaken brides with severed hands, gory ferocity is never gratuitous; the narrative does not dwell on the torment of the victim, not even under pretense of pity, but moves swiftly to a healing solution.

Italo Calvino's part in this book is not that of the eminent author condescending to honor a collection of popular tales with an introduction—anything but. Essentially the book is to Italian literature what the Grimms' collection is to German literature. It is both the first and the standard. And its particular glory is that it was done not by a scholar-specialist but by a great writer of fiction. The author of *The Baron in the Trees* and *Invisible Cities* used all his skills to bring together the labors of collectors and scholars from all the regions of Italy, to translate the tales out of dialects into standard Italian, and to retell them:

> I selected from mountains of narratives . . . the most unusual, beautiful, and original texts. . . . I enriched the text selected from other versions and whenever possible did so without altering its character or unity, and at the same time filled it out and made it more plastic. I touched up as delicately as possible those portions that were either missing or too sketchy. . . .

With absolute sureness of touch he selected, combined, rewove, reshaped, so that each tale and the entire collection would show at its best, clear and strong, without obscurity or repetition. It was, of course, both his privilege and his responsibility as a teller of tales to do so. He assumed his privilege without question, and fulfilled his responsibility magnificently. One of the best storytellers alive telling us some of the best stories in the world—what luck!

The *Fiabe italiane* were first published in Italy in 1956. My children grew up with an earlier, selected edition of them—*Italian Fables*, from Orion Press, 1959. The book was presented for children, without notes, in a fine translation by Louis Brigante, just colloquial enough to be a joy to read aloud, and with line drawings by Michael Train that reflect the wit and spirit of the stories. Perhaps a reading-aloud familiarity with the cadences of this earlier translation has prejudiced my ear; anyhow I found George Martin's version heavier, often pedestrian, sometimes downright ugly. I don't hear the speaking voice of the storyteller in it, or feel the flow and assurance of words that were listened to by the writer as he wrote them. Nor does the occasional antique woodcut in the present edition add much to the stories. But the design of the book is handsome and generous, entirely appropriate to the work. For here for the first time in English all the tales are included, as well as Calvino's complete introduction, and his notes (edited by himself for this edition) on each story. The notes illuminate his unobtrusive scholarship and explain his refashioning of the material, while the introduction contains some of the finest things said on folklore since Tolkien—such throwaway lines as: "No doubt the moral function of the tale, in the popular conception, is to be sought not in the subject matter but in the very nature of the folktale, in the mere fact of telling and listening." Come and listen, then. Come hear how a girl named Misfortune found her Fate on the seashore of Sicily:

> At the oven Misfortune found the old woman, who was so foul, blear-eyed, and smelly that the girl was almost nauseated. 'Dear Fate of mine, will you do me the honor of accepting—' she began, offering her the bread.
>
> 'Away you! Begone! Who asked you for bread?' And she turned her back on the girl.

But Misfortune persists in showing good will toward this nasty hag, and so we find how Fate may turn to Fairy by the magic of Fable.

> The Fate, who was growing tamer, came forward grumbling to take the bread. Then Misfortune reached out and grabbed her and proceeded to wash her with soap and water. Next she did her hair and dressed her up from head to foot in her new finery. The Fate at first writhed like a snake, but seeing herself all spick-and-span she became a different person entirely. 'Listen to me, Misfortune,' she said. 'For your kindness to me, I'm making you a present of this little box,' and she handed her a box as tiny as those which contain wax matches.

And what do you think Misfortune found in the little box?

Ursula K. Le Guin

Ursula K. Le Guin's novel *Malafrena* has just been published in paperback (Berkley).

Kolyma Tales
by Varlam Shalamov
translated by John Glad

(Norton; $9.95)

A hunger so permanent that frostbitten fingers serve more surely than any spoon to scrape at the bottom of pots. A cold so ravaging that spit freezes in mid-air, and men weep, failing to button their flies. A numbness so profound that feelings transmute into indifference and the future translates into the next 48 hours. This is the world Varlam Shalamov remembers, a world he lived in for 17 years, a world he shared with millions of other Soviet citizens sent through Stalin's Gulag to that farthest outpost, the Auschwitz of the Archipelago, Kolyma.

Shalamov's stories have appeared in several émigré journals over the last decade, and a complete Russian edition

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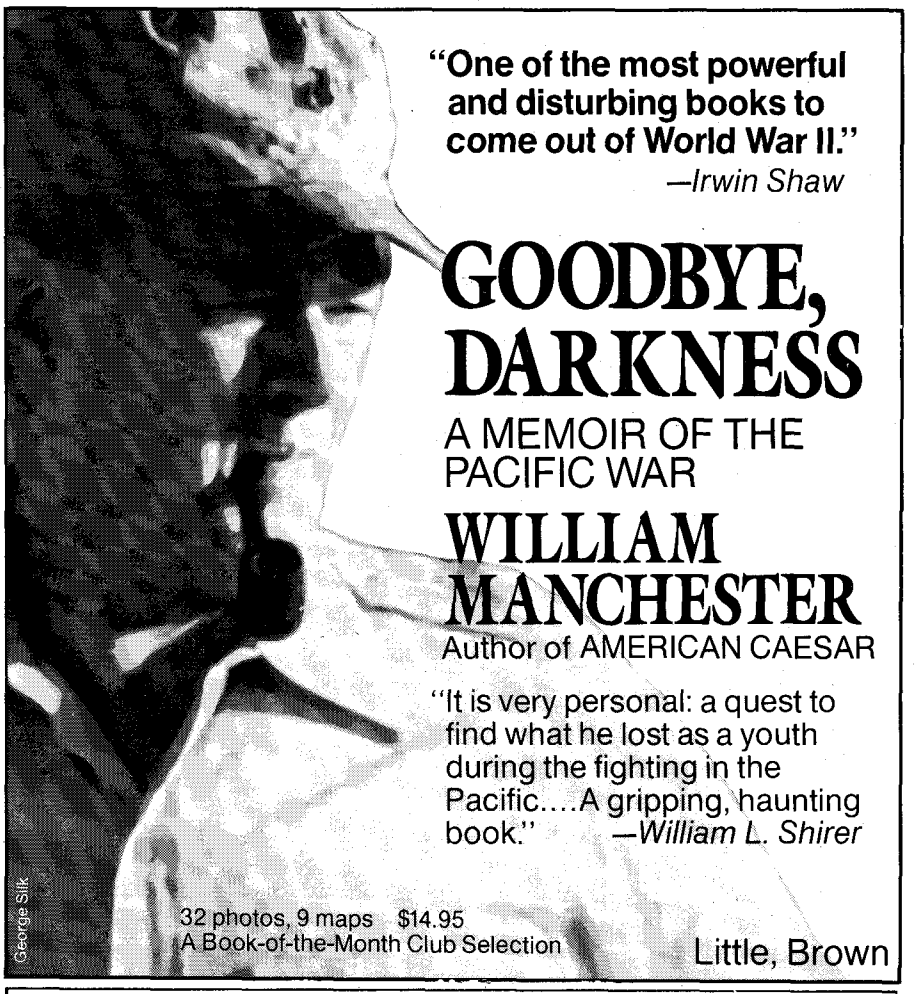
exists; editor and translator John Glad has chosen, as he says, those he felt "compelled to see appear." He has chosen well, and translated better: the stories included in *Kolyma Tales* represent the range of Shalamov's work, dealing with the basic matter of survival, the overlapping, if fiercely contentious, worlds of criminal prisoners and politicals, the precarious world of the jailors, the instances of defiance, flickerings of hope, release. The substratum of all the tales is the permafrost of Kolyma: a layer of frost so geologically deep that corpses remain embedded like flies in amber, to be upturned by lend-lease tractors with sores and scabs intact; a layer of frost so humanly thick that the prisoners calmly view those corpses as treasure chests, to be plundered of whatever wealth they retain—an undershirt, foot rags, boots.

Shalamov's tone is flat, factual. Partly, of course, the flatness accentuates the horrors. Partly, however, the tone reflects the condition of the narrators. A man led from one place to another, likely to be shot, expresses no curiosity about his fate, no interest whatever beyond locating the stove in any room he enters, so that, for however long he may live, he can get a bit of warmth. A once healthy 30-year-old schemes and lies to get assigned as a carpenter, because in that way, at least for one day, he will be in a heated room.

Indeed, how else describe hell? Kolyma was not hell because of geography or climate, and certainly not because of the sins of its inmates. As Robert Conquest points out in his book, *Kolyma: the Arctic Death Camps* (Viking), it was hell because of decisions taken in Moscow. Originally planned as an efficient gold-mining operation, after 1937, "though the gold remained important, the central aim was to kill off the prisoners." This was accomplished with fair ease: by forcing prisoners to work the mines in the winters, with ammonal fumes to choke on, pneumonia and meningitis virtual certainties, and frequent executions for "counter-revolutionary agitation," "for insulting the guard," "for failure to fulfil the work norms."

This last—fulfilling norms—is the subject of several of Shalamov's stories. Rations depended upon output, so in theory a prisoner would exert every effort to fulfill his norm and thus acquire maximum food. But the best ration was never enough, and the lowest norm impossibly high; so the prisoners were like hamsters on a never-



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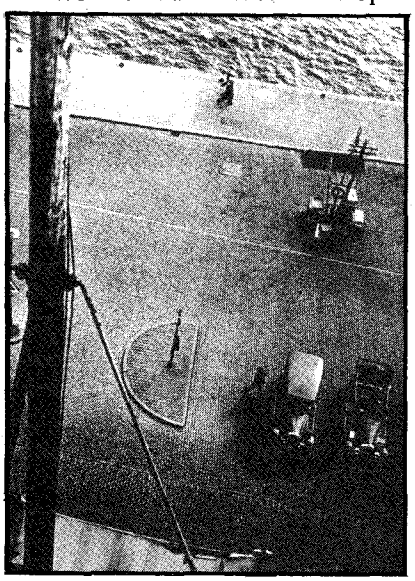
Moholy-Nagy: Photographs and Photograms by Andreas Haus

(Pantheon; $35)

It is a commonplace of cultural history that modernism thrived on enmity toward bourgeois materialism and technological dehumanization. But this commonplace needs shelving, for László Moholy-Nagy (1895-1946) alone refutes it. Although a bohemian socialist in his youth, Moholy viewed the bourgeois industrial world of machines and metropo-



"Stockholm, 1930"

lises, skyscrapers and consumer products not as inherently ruinous but as the matrix of a "New Man," one more vitally "integrated" with his environment than any before him. Convinced that this New Man could arise only through a "new vision" of abstraction in modern life and art, Moholy endlessly explored (in artwork, theoretical writings, and teaching at the Bauhaus and its offspring) the optics of abstraction, or the aesthetics of light.

As early as age 21, Moholy was singing paeans to light: "Space, Time, Material, are they one with Light? . . . Light, total light, creates the total man." No wonder he discovered in photography the abstract art form par excellence, since photography, as he liked to say, is the pure "manipulation of light"—and he called himself not a photographer but a *Lichtner*, a manipulator of light. True to his explorer's nature, Moholy dabbled (his word) in all types of "light manipulation": casual snapshots, careful bird's-eye-view photographs, negative printing, light modulating machines, and, most important, the camera-less images he labeled photograms, made by casting light patterns directly onto sensitized photographic paper or plates. Like many of his other pursuits, Moholy's manipulations of light yielded not an accomplished body of work but a series of experiments at once amateurish and groundbreaking. Yet, also like many of those other pursuits, they achieved what Moholy most desired of them: they taught the eye (especially the photographer's eye) to see abstractions.

Andreas Haus, an art historian, here presents the best collection to date of the *Lichtner*'s pioneering work (some of it reproduced for the first time) and an informative essay explicating many of the visual images and identifying the influence upon them of avant-garde fashions—most notably Dadaism and Surrealism. But sound as her art history is, Haus misrepresents modernist culture and Moholy's place in it by letting a cloudy Marxist metaphysics induce her to discern "dialectical," anti-bourgeois enmity in Moholy's early

Fotogramm, 1922-23

works and accommodating, pro-bourgeois "empathy" in the later ones. To be sure, Moholy (like his Bauhaus colleagues) completed his career as a member of the bourgeois establishment—director of Chicago's Institute of Design and designer for Parker Pen and other companies. But this was not because, as Haus says, he sold out to "the alienated environment." It was because that environment had embraced Moholy's modernism, which had celebrated technology and the commercial uses of abstract design from the beginning.

James Sloan Allen

James Sloan Allen is a New York writer.

ending wheel. In story after story, men work to the last ounce of their strength—and inevitably fall short.

> We sawed from sunrise to sundown, felled and stacked trees. Wanting to stay here as long as possible and fearing the gold mines, we forgot about everything. The stacks grew slowly and by the end of the second difficult day it became evident that we had accomplished little, but were incapable of doing more. . . . We had accomplished 10 percent of the norm.

As the story ends, with the men being sent back to the mine, one hangs himself, a second chops off his hand.

Some years ago, in an article on German camp survivors, Bruno Bettelheim reiterated the sometimes forgotten reason that anyone survived those camps: their liberation by the Allied forces. Shalamov makes similarly clear that friendship, loyalty, compassion—traits we would like to think encourage survival—are incidental. "We all understood that we could survive only through luck." There are, to be sure, moments of kindness (and Glad, perhaps out of his own compassion, selects a disproportionately high number of stories featuring such moments), just as there are instances of humor, rebellion, and escape attempts. But mainly, beyond skill at self-preservation, beyond quick-witted bribes and lies, and certainly beyond superhuman work, there is luck. Shalamov's stories are disturbing because they leave us under no illusion that man can control his fate if circumstances are as they were in Kolyma. They disturb us because we like to think that something "human" in us, some spiritual quality, can endure under any conditions, and because he strips us of that illusion too. What endures, he says, what distinguishes man from animal, is not a soul, but an instinct for physical survival that made men in Kolyma last longer and work harder than any horse.

In one story, "Sententious," Shalamov's narrator comes back to life. It's a

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gradual process, signaled by sensations of pain, then by stirrings of fear (of being sent to the mines), then by flesh added to bones, then by envy, then by a flash of pity for a threatened bird and finally—by the word "sententious." He can't at first recall its meaning, only its sound. Then, unwieldy beast unfolding limb by limb, his brain brings back to him isolated words, their meanings, their contexts. It is a full-fledged resurrection, one of the few Shalamov describes, at once funny and appalling.

Now an old man whose only published work in the Soviet Union consists of some poetry, Varlam Shalamov is determined to remember, to remember and write it down. Thanks to luck, he survived, and thanks to him, we can peer, shading our eyes, into the hell that was Kolyma.

Josephine Woll

Josephine Woll teaches Russian literature at Howard University and frequently writes about current Russian writing.

Street-Level Bureaucracy: Dilemmas of the Individual in Public Service by Michael Lipsky

(distributed by Basic Books for the Russell Sage Foundation; $10)

By even the most optimistic accounts, the American welfare state is a highly flawed creation. In *Street-Level Bureaucracy* Michael Lipsky analyzes the school systems, courts, police departments, welfare agencies, and hospitals upon which an increasing portion of our GNP has been spent. Despite their differences, these organizations share several generic properties. Their clients come because of legal compulsion or economic necessity, not by choice. The "street-level bureaucrats" who service these involuntary clients—the teachers, judges, and probation officers, policemen, welfare workers, and doctors—exercise great discretion over their clients' lives. In analyzing these organizations, Lipsky captures one of the most profound sources of the welfare state's disability. Even though humane motives may initially have brought these bureaucrats into public service, Lipsky argues that they inevitably control and degrade those they serve. Lipsky says:

> At best, street-level bureaucrats invent modes of mass processing that more or less permit them to deal with the public fairly, appropriately, and successfully. At worst, they give in to favoritism, stereotyping, and routinizing—all of which serve private or agency purposes.

These front-line social service workers must "prepare people for client status" and "impose standardized ways of processing people" for a simple reason: the social service agencies cannot, as they are supposed to do, materially improve their clients' life situations. Street-level bureaucrats are simply overwhelmed by the number of clients and the difficulty of their problems. As a result, social service workers must defend themselves against the clients they are supposed to serve. What they do is adopt "coping mechanisms" which insulate them both from clients and from the top managers who seek to impose performance standards on them.

In the middle section of his book Lipsky exhaustively reviews the ways street-level bureaucrats do this. Tools for managing clients range from punishing lapses in deference to such highly refined runarounds as referrals to other agencies, or to specialists, or to purely symbolic appeals procedures. Lipsky explains the intimidation built into client-bureaucrat encounters, and notes the many practices—screening, waiting in lines, excessive paperwork—which street-level bureaucracies use to keep clients in their place. This catalog of bureaucratic horrors, many of which we have all experienced, does not, in Lipsky's view, reflect pure meanness. Instead, street-level bureaucrats make these logical adaptations in order to cope with an otherwise impossible situation. The adaptations are imbedded in the very fabric of public service work.

Clearly, Lipsky has identified a common thread in the welfare state's current malaise. It claims to do one thing but, somehow, always ends up doing the opposite. Why?

Three basic relationships may determine this outcome. The first is that between the society at large and the street-level bureaucracy. It might be, as Michel Foucault and others have argued, that under the guise of therapeutic activity, society (or some element of it) actually requires street-level bureaucracies to control their clients. The second is between managers and the street-level bureaucrats themselves. Managers might structure the work of street-level bureaucrats in such a way as to hamper any real effectiveness. Finally, racism, class differences, or middle-class prejudice about what constitutes acceptable behavior might lead street-level bureaucrats to demean the people they supposedly serve.

Lipsky gives these arguments some credence, but the main flow of his argument is against them. In his view, the society does not so much compel street-level bureaucracies to control clients as it simply defines a mission which is confusing and intrinsically impossible. Here Lipsky's argument resembles the neoconservative point of view. Service to clients would not be improved by larger staffs of street-level bureaucrats, lighter caseloads, or more time and information. "Some jobs simply cannot be done properly," Lipsky says, "given the ambiguity of goals and the technology of particular services." He also cautions that attempts to do the impossible only serve to make the job of street-level bureaucrats nerve-wracking and sometimes even dangerous.

While Lipsky stipulates that the relationship between managers and street-level bureaucrats is inherently one of conflict, he also argues that street-level bureaucrats have a good deal of discretion and operate largely beyond the control of managers. The very nature of their work requires street-level bureaucrats to take the "human dimensions of situations" into account when deciding the appropriate agency response to clients. Since bureaucrats exercise this discretion largely away from oversight by top managers, they build up considerable autonomy. With their freedom, they "develop coping mechanisms contrary to an agency's policy but actually basic to its survival." Thus neither the society as a whole nor agency top management directly mandates client-controlling behavior. Rather, it derives from the interaction between bureaucrats and clients. Only by developing simplifying, categorizing, coping, and ultimately controlling mechanisms can the

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bureaucrat do his work efficiently and maintain his sanity.

The root of the public service bureaucracy problem thus may be found in the bureaucrats' lack of accountability either to society at large, to management, or to clients. In response to an intractable situation, welfare workers, police, teachers, and other street-level bureaucrats seek only to redouble their insulation from outside pressures and increase their own discretion. And, says Lipsky, neither management nor clients can do much about it. Bureaucrats enforce dependency, isolation, and disorganization against clients, who are in most cases poor and politically weak. As for managers, they simply cannot quantify goals or measure performance so as to reduce lower-level workers' discretion. Efforts to do so merely backfire, producing quota-oriented behavior rather than higher-quality performance. Civil service tenure and unions also prevent the application of either sanctions or rewards. Indeed, Lipsky concludes that "accountability is virtually impossible to achieve."

Given this bleak view, one might think that Lipsky would applaud measures—from Proposition 13 to the imposition of voucher systems—that would displace street-level bureaucracies. On the contrary, he holds that fiscal retrenchment only further debases services, since cutbacks are made on political rather than rational service grounds. Cutbacks "provide a focus and an apparently benign rationale for attacking and injuring the provision of public services." If more money does not help and less money only hurts, how do we escape this Catch-22?

At the end of his book, Lipsky holds out a wan hope. He calls for "simple practices . . . to make street-level bureaucrats more accountable to clients." He endorses such ideas as organizing clients to participate in agency decision making and building client-agency coalitions around the provision of quality services. But he rests his case with the "new professionals" who came into client-processing bureaucracies during the 1960s. These people have not yet been ground down into the dominant behavior patterns and, if they receive sufficient support, perhaps they can reconstruct the social services. But, cautions Lipsky, this "is unlikely to take place in the absence of a broad movement for social and economic justice." In the final analysis, Lipsky identifies the street-level bureaucrat as both the chief villain and the possible rescuer of the welfare state in distress. The client, of course, remains the victim.

While Lipsky's analysis rests on an impressive grasp of the literature on the public service bureaucracies, it does not ring altogether true to my own experience working with such San Francisco city agencies as the Health and Social Services departments. Over the past year, Service Employees Union Local 400, which represents clerical and miscellaneous employees within San Francisco city government, has been working with the mayor's office, department heads, and rank-and-file workers to take on exactly the kinds of pathologies Lipsky describes. This joint effort, the Work Improvement Project, has organized labor-management committees designed to allow workers to improve management procedures, increase the quality of work life, and maintain the quality of services in an environment of severe fiscal retrenchment. This experience partially confirms, but also counters, Lipsky's analysis.

Whereas Lipsky argues that lower-level service providers have considerable discretion and autonomy, the Work Improvement Project experience shows that people-processing bureaucracies often suffer from a lack of rank-and-file participation in policy making. Lipsky underestimates the impact of middle management control on rank-and-file work organization. This leads him in turn to slight the importance of constraints that management imposes on labor within street-level bureaucracies. His image of powerful lower-level workers protected by civil service and union influence comes closer to blaming the victim.

Additionally, Lipsky underestimates the extent to which larger political forces have caused urban service bureaucracies to be highly selective in their reponse to constituents. In fact, the lack of accountability which Lipsky rightly emphasizes does not stem from anything intrinsic to the worker providing services in a face-to-face setting. Progressive-era reforms and subsequent partisan conflict over just how far social services should go in competing with the private sector caused a number of insulating and restricting features to be built into local government. These features, more than any intrinsic qualities of social service work, have impeded bureaucratic accountability to clients, political leaders, and the citizenry at large. The problem of accountability is essentially political rather than technical.

Thus the Work Improvement Project's activities suggest that Lipsky is probably better advised to place his faith in political coalitions rather than in hopes that the new professionals of the 1960s will surmount forces which have worn down their predecessors. By showing that public service workers can be part of the solution rather than part of the problem, and by forging links among service providers, service consumers, and political leaders, the Work Improvement Project indicates that the alliance which Lipsky hopes will revitalize the public sector is not entirely chimerical. Without such political support, it is doubtful that even the most determined street-level bureaucrats could overcome the structural obstacles which Lipsky so brilliantly describes.

John Mollenkopf

John Mollenkopf is director of the Urban Studies Program at Stanford University. MIT Press will be publishing his book on the politics of urban development in 1981.

Coming:

Robert Alter on

Vladimir Nabokov.

Brief Reviews

Friendly Fascism: The New Face of Power in America by Bertram Gross

(M. Evans; $15)

A "new despotism" creeps across the nation. "Faceless oligarchs sit at the command posts of a corporate-government complex. . . ." Pushed by the imperatives of capital accumulation in an era of extended economic crisis, America's "corporate overseers" (with the top politicians and bureaucrats of the "Chief Executive Network" in tow) tighten their grips on American politics, economy, and society. While they preserve their power and privilege, the lot of most Americans is "chronic inflation, recurring recession, open and hidden

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unemployment, the poisoning of air, water, soil, and bodies, and, most important, the subversion of our constitution."

Bertram Gross has a name for his grim vision of our near future. He calls it "friendly fascism." In the already burgeoning alliance between Big Business and Big Government, Gross sees the potential precursor of an American Reich —a closely integrated authoritarian society modeled along the lines of a giant corporate conglomerate where authentic democratic participation and dissent is subordinated to the narrow interests of concentrated economic power.

However, the new despotism that threatens America is so different in form from the classic fascism of the past that those who look for it armed with the categories of the 1920s and 1930s are apt to miss it completely.

> . . . A friendly fascist power structure . . . would be far more sophisticated than the 'caesarism' of fascist Germany, Italy, and Japan. It would need no charismatic dictator nor even a titular head. . . . It would require no one-party rule, no mass fascist party, no glorification of the State, no dissolution of legislatures, no denial of reason.

Unlike classic fascism, the friendly version is a "broad-minded totalitarianism" well camouflaged behind a variety of "democratic disguises."

This might best be described as a "less is more" theory of political domination. Under friendly fascism, elections will continue but will represent no real political choice. The formal freedoms of speech and of the press will remain but won't mean much when political discourse is carefully channeled and anesthetized by corporate-controlled media. Naked repression and crude official terror won't be necessary; they will be replaced by less obtrusive (and far more effective) techniques for engineering social conformity and control. In fact, in a friendly fascist society, most citizens will be safely in thrall to the seductive myths of security and fulfillment marketed by the power elites. The motto of friendly fascism comes from Rousseau's *Emile*: "There is no subjugation so perfect as that which keeps the appearance of freedom, for in that way one captures volition itself."

There certainly are enough indications today—both of the dangerous concentration of corporate power and of the decline of American democracy—to warrant taking seriously Gross's scenario for tomorrow. Unfortunately, his book never really lets the reader do so. In spite of occasional glimmers of insight, it is so superficial, so needlessly vague and abstract, as to make any serious consideration of its argument—or its prescriptions for the future—virtually impossible. Throughout the book, there is an almost systematic unwillingness to confront complex political, economic, and social phenomena with the depth of analysis they require. A strident tone, painfully clumsy prose, and a text riddled with typographical errors (at one point, we are treated to a quotation about the supposed "immortality and irresponsibility in slum society") only compound these faults.

Friendly Fascism would not be nearly so disappointing if one could simply dismiss it. But the fact is, we urgently need more subtle and precise understanding of the new mechanisms of power and control in advanced societies. *Friendly Fascism* plays on that need without satisfying it. It never moves beyond the suggestiveness of its clever title.

Robert Howard

Robert Howard is a Washington writer.

Crackers
by Roy Blount Jr.

(Knopf; $10.95)

Imagine Willie Nelson singing with a Spike Jones back-up band, or Dan Jenkins mating with Flannery O'Connor. That'll give you some idea of the pop zest and folk wisdom, the deep-dish country humor and acute sensibility, and, most of all, the sheer satiric *chutzpah* that Roy Blount Jr. has put into *Crackers: This Whole Many-Angled Thing of Jimmy, More Carters, Ominous Little Animals, Sad Singing Women, My Daddy and Me.* It's the most uproarious collection of loosely connected essays since Bruce Jay Friedman's *Lonely Guy's Book of Life.* It's also a warm and penetrating portrayal of what it means to be a native Georgian—or, for that matter, an American—in the age of Jimmy Carter.

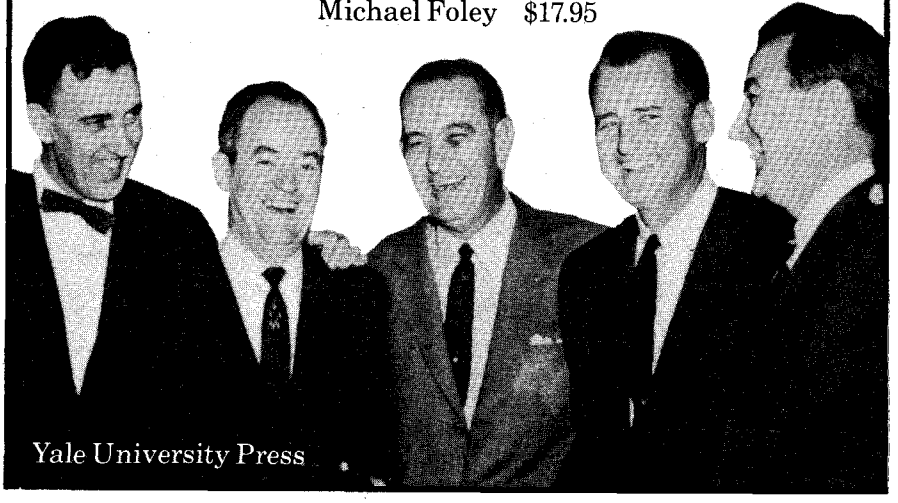
Roy Blount Jr. has made a name for himself in such publications as the *New Yorker* and the *New York Times* as a humorist, a sportswriter, and often both. That description, however, is no more adequate for Blount than it would have been for Ring Lardner. When Blount

The United States Senate has long been regarded as a conservative institution for conservative members. Michael Foley presents in this book a vivid picture of how the Senate has been changed by the influx of liberal politicians elected during the last twenty-five years. Edward Kennedy, Edmund Muskie, Philip Hart, Eugene McCarthy, Birch Bayh, and Walter Mondale are among the politicians who figure prominently in Foley's portrayal of

The New Senate

Liberal Influence on a Conservative Institution, 1959-1972

Michael Foley $17.95



Yale University Press

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wrote *About Three Bricks Shy of a Load: A Highly Irregular Lowdown on the Year the Pittsburgh Steelers were Super but Missed the Bowl*, he described the agonies and ecstasies of pro ball as well as Peter Gent did in *North Dallas Forty*, but he also gave his readers a taste of the social-ethnic spices that make up the hearty steel-town stew. He conveyed how the Steelers became special heroes (and sometimes villains) to people like steelworkers—how football, like hockey, could work as a steam valve for an entire city. Similarly, in *Crackers*, instead of becoming one more peanut parodist, Roy Blount really gets down and chews over the roots of the Carter administration. Like Mark Twain, he pits the sagacity and saltiness of the cracker barrel against the smooth, evasive rhetoric of the soapbox.

Blount has an original slant on his subject: he's both a Georgian (transplanted to Massachusetts) and a presidential "sympathizer." He acknowledges that Carter has shilly-shallied for too long—that he's become a middle-of-the-dirt-road pol. But to Blount the dirt that clings to Carter—his vestigial country flavor—has the potential to save him. Unlike most post-Woodstein pundits, Blount doesn't want a white-knight administration. He prefers honest-to-God characters—blacks or rednecks—who could show the world that our common American stock still has some native wit, heart, and color:

> Take Jimmy's director of management and budget. Bert Lance stood for something. He performed the great national service of personalizing exactly what is wrong with the economy. Take Jimmy's U.N. representative. Andrew Young gave Americans just what they either hoped or feared they would get if a black guy ever represented America to the world.

Incompetence bothers Blount less than inhumanity. Why, he wonders, won't Americans allow Billy Carter the chance to work out his confusions in public the way they do Richard Pryor?

Blount takes on not only prefabricated politics, but also the entire polyester quality of modern American life. A typical Blount declaration: "What we need is to back off from devices and emphasize good shit and common life. A lot of people would be embarrassed to say that. But, hell, I don't care, I'm from Georgia." Because Blount's southerners have been kept down in national status for so long, they've also stayed down-to-earth. Blount intersperses his drawling commentaries (on everything from the media to "Heterosexism and Dancing") with verbal snapshots of earthy, fictional Carter relatives, like one who marries a Kelvinator washer, and another who gives birth to a Mexican but can't recall why. Critics might argue that he indulges a southern penchant for the grotesque. Blount would probably reply, with Flannery O'Connor, that southern writers can so aptly render "the grotesque" because they can still recognize what it is.

Michael Sragow

Michael Sragow is a reporter for the *Los Angeles Herald Examiner*.

Correspondence, *from page 5*

A socialist reporter friend of mine pointed out that the NRA was structured on elements of the corporate state—and on that basis was ruled unconstitutional.

As to Kondracke's deriding the Reagan statement that "80 percent of air pollution comes from plants and trees"—this is a fact known to any reader of the *Scientific American*. It is the contaminants put out by the forests which give the Great Smokies their characteristic haze—as Reagan explained the day after Kennedy's speech writers had put these two unjustified sneers into his otherwise thrilling speech at the Democratic convention.

Eleazar Lipsky
New York, New York

The editors welcome correspondence from TNR's readers. Letters intended for publication should include the correspondent's full name, address, and telephone number, should be typed double-spaced, and held to under 200 words. Longer letters may be abridged due to lack of space.

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Cambridge Diarist

Who Cares?

"Do you know," I ask everyone who I think might care, "that Gdansk is Danzig?" Just about no one does, and those who do wonder why I trouble to make the point. Maybe it's because I believe that cities, like men and nations, have destinies. I'm not convinced the happy ending we've been reading about in Gdansk will, after the Soviets regroup and recalculate their risks, turn out to be quite that city's destiny after all. I'm interested in Danzig also because it's where the League of Nations contrived an open, so-called "free" city, with international guarantees. This is what many well-intentioned people, and others not so well-intentioned, now envision for Jerusalem, with the UN replacing the League in the guarantor's role. When the Nazis decided the scheme was obsolete, the guarantees became obsolete too. Günter Grass's *The Tin Drum* told the story. When the Poles protested, the well-intentioned people who wanted peace in Europe asked, "Why die for Danzig?" Actually, it was one of the not-so-well-intentioned, a Marcel Deat, of the French Catholic right, who first posed the stirring question, "Mourir pour Danzig?" It's remarkable how many nice people in the West thought the same way. One reason, of course, that the Polish workers may have won as much as they did from the tyrants is they left no doubt they were willing to die for Gdansk. Today there is no question about anyone else being asked to die for Gdansk. Solidarity has its limits. This no doubt explains Secretary Muskie's latest bout of apoplexy over the cash contribution from the AFL-CIO to a fund for Polish workers. Lane Kirkland has shown, in his refusal to appease State's appetite for the other sort of solidarity—with the crisis managers in the Kremlin—that free trade unionism still has meaning and that its spirit cuts across international frontiers. What mystifies me in the circumstances is why Kirkland has led the labor movement to support the reelection of a president whose administration understands little of this kind of commitment and cares even less for it.

Every time TNR publishes something other than reverential about the UN, or other than hagiographic about its secretary-general, Kurt Waldheim, I am upbraided by a Quaker neighbor for "undermining the world's best hope for peace." Shirley Hazzard's article last week on Waldheim and the Polish crisis ("UN Silence") brought forth the reaction once more. This Quaker lady, I confess, has been unbraiding me for years. The Quakers call it eldering. I usually try to avoid her monologue, whatever it's called, or failing that, nod sullenly in the hope that it will be over quickly. The other day, however, I forsook passive resistance and told my gentle tormentor exactly what I thought of her and her hero, Dr. Waldheim. I reminded her that Waldheim had been active in the Nazi youth movement. She told me how unjust the Versailles Treaty had been to Germany. I told her Waldheim was an Austrian. She told me Austrians speak German. I told her that as an Austrian foreign service officer after the 1956 Budapest rising, Waldheim had been in the forefront of the Vienna mandarinate's opposition to the admission of refugees from Hungary. For once, she told me nothing. Waldheim's past proves him to be a toady to the totalitarians, and an apologist for the authoritarians. Quakers were not always this way. They still say they "speak truth to power," and maybe some of them do. But most of them do so very selectively. With the ascendant totalitarians either on the left or from the third world (for whose special benefit the more politicized Friends have fashioned a theology of acceptable revolutionary violence), the Quakers today apologize for murderers and dictators. It's what they have in common with Waldheim, and why they take umbrage in his behalf.

Speaking a year ago this past June to my 20th Brandeis reunion class, I asked, "which of us in this room is Abbie Hoffman?" People looked around and laughed—nervously. I then asked, "which of us is the FBI spook?" One man, not recognizable to me at least, left the room. Abbie is my best-known classmate; it was not unthinkable that he would show up at our reunion simply for the theater of showing up. He now has published his sixth book, an autobiography no less, and it's likely to be a best seller, not least because he's come out of hiding in a great flame of publicity precisely at publication time. It's already sold out in all but one of the Cambridge bookstores that carry it, and it's awful. In the introduction, Norman Mailer, who knows about such things, writes that Abbie "still loves himself too much." That's the least of it. The book reads like a letter from camp. Even Abbie's invention of heroics and trifling with facts clearly known to others do not make the news interesting. In the 1960s, when I heard his gravelly hype on the tube and at rallies I now regret attending, I never was quite able to hear what he was saying. Instead, my memory took over, displacing his shrieks about revolution with "get your subs, red hot subs," a refrain from his first clever success, a sandwich concession in the Brandeis dormitories. Abbie and I knew each other, but were not friends. He writes of me in his book that I was "the class Kissinger, hated, but respected by all of us." As with other items in the book, I don't remember it exactly his way—but so be it. Poor Abbie, well liked, even after all this foolishness, but respected by no one, and on his way to the cooler too.

With some luck, though, Abbie soon will be on the faculty of New York's New School for Social Research. Not because he knows anything, but because he's a celebrity. Celebrity long has been a meal ticket in America, even notorious celebrity. It's only of late, however, that such celebrity has conned itself into a stint at an institution of higher learning. Jane Alpert, a member of the terrorist Weatherman faction, recently surfaced after years as a fugitive from the law. According to ads placed by the New School in various prints, Ms. Alpert will help teach "The Way We Were," a course on the 1960s. What Robert Heilbroner and other distinguished academics thought of being listed as her colleague in the ad is for them to say. But the vulgarity of the offering should be apparent and doubtless is offensive to anybody who cares about the values the New School was founded to encourage. It always was a rebellious institution, giving haven to iconoclastic intellectuals like Thorstein Veblen and Charles Beard and—as the University in Exile—to Hannah Arendt and other refugees from Hitler's terror. Ms. Kramer is teaching in the adult and continuing education program, which operates in a highly competitive market. But that fact doesn't excuse this pandering to the desire for vicarious revolutionary experience by New York's bored and boring bourgeoisie.

M.P.

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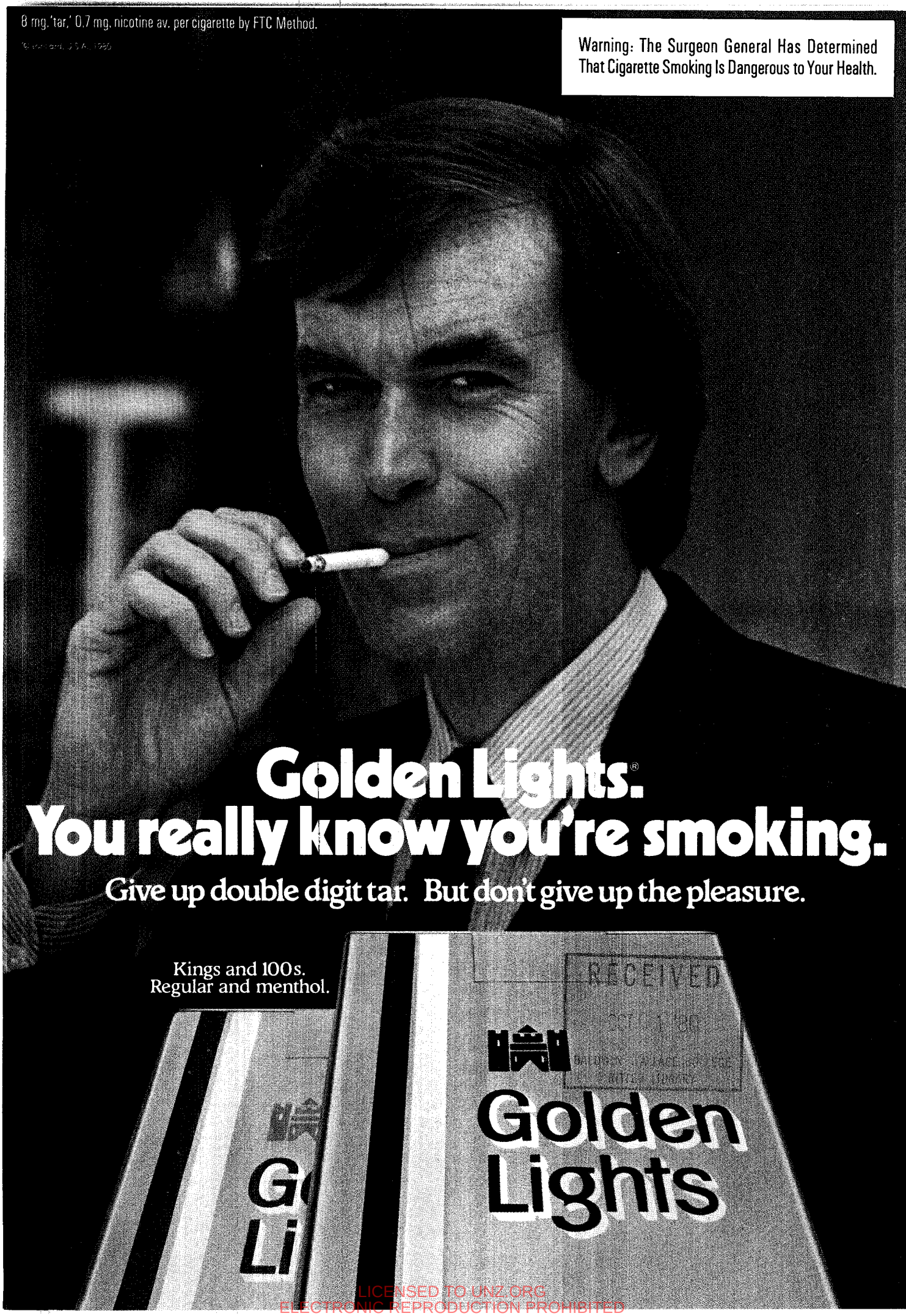

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